

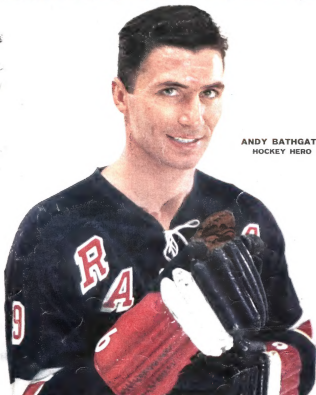
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JANUARY 12, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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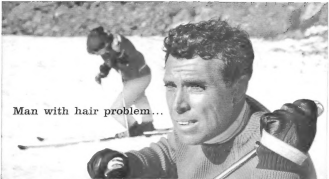


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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Cover: Andy Bathgate ▶

This hockey goalie belongs to the Soviet hockey players the New York Rangers have had in pawn. For the story of Andy Bathgate's spectacular season, turn to page 26.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ In startling close color, Tom Fritwell photographs Martin Maguire Hal Rouch (above) and friends gaming for pleasure in a magnificent Nevada mountain preserve.

▶ Bob Pettit of the championship St. Louis Hawks is a professional basketball player of rare skills. Four pages of remarkable sequence photographs demonstrate why.

▶ Prettiest and most unusual corporation president in the U.S., Selwyn Selzer Wilfong introduces the latest in modern living—a portable pool for your own backyard.

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Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: What is the most exacting kind of skiing?



ART DEVLIN
Lake Placid, N.Y.
Four-time national champion

Jumping. Time is the only thing that matters in the other events, whereas in jumping, you are judged by style and distance. Style is just as important as distance, and a skier can have the longest jumps and still lose.



MRS. SALLY PARST
Manchester, VT.
Wife of Bromley area owner

The slalom, the giant slalom and the bobsledding event, of course, all require skill but the slalom is the most exacting. It's practically precision all the way. The giant slalom is more of a controlled downhill with the gates farther apart.



ALTON C. MELVILLE
Bell Lake City, Utah
President, National Ski Assoc.

Although the downhill is the most daring, the slalom is the most exacting because it requires more rhythm, timing, technical skill and strength. Jumping is second from the viewpoint of skill, and the cross-country the most exacting for endurance.

continued



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NOTES continued



RALPH MILLER
Hawson, N.J.
Olympic skier

The downhill. You have to make judgments during the race. In the other events you have a better idea of the conditions you're faced with. You travel faster in the downhill and you don't see the course the day of the race.



YOLA UNWIN
Hercules, Venezuela

My parents and I used to ski in Canada every winter. I found the cross-country more exciting, although I have never tried jumping. To win in the cross-country, you must be very expert, and you also have to be in excellent condition.



MARION WHITING
Portland, Ore.
President, Pacific
Northwestern Ski Assoc.

The slalom. It requires a greater degree of sustained precision as opposed to a high degree of precision at certain parts of jumping competition, where your timing must be exact at the takeoff and the coordination must be perfect in landing.



GORDON WREN
Brew
Director, Skip Tenors
Ski School

I jumped in the Olympics, but I think the slalom is more exciting. It takes sharper training and more conditioning. The top athletes come out stronger in the slalom. I've seen some skiers "bark out" against better men in jumping.



OLAV ULLAND
Seattle
Coach, U.S. Olympic
jumping team

The takeoff for the jump. You're going 50-60 miles an hour and you must hit your spring on a few inches to get maximum distance. Next, though the slalom is precise, the cross-country is more exciting because of the physical strain.

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CURLING SCHEDULE

*Championships and bonspiels,
from January 8 to March 31*

JANUARY

- 8-10 Detroit Curling Club International Bonspiel; Detroit.
- 15-17 Royal Victoria Jubilee, Royal Caledonian, St. Lawrence trophies; Canadian Branch, Royal Caledonian Curling Club, Montreal, Quebec.
- 19-19 Poyonette Curling Club Annual Bonspiel, Poyonette, Wis.
- 22-19 Milwaukee Curling Club Annual Mixed Bonspiel, Milwaukee.
- 25-25 Portage Curling Club Annual Senior Bonspiel, Portage, Wis.
- 30-30 Lake Placid Club Mixed Bonspiel, Lake Placid, N.Y.
- 32-30 Clintonville Curling Club Bonspiel, Clintonville, Wis.
- 31-25 Winchester Country Club Invitational Mixed Bonspiel, Winchester, Mass.
- 29- Chicago Curling Club Annual Invitational Bonspiel, Chicago.

FEBRUARY

- 6-6 Milwaukee Curling Club Invitational Bonspiel, Milwaukee.
- 8-8 Wausau Curling Club Annual Bonspiel, Wausau, Wis.
- 15-15 Skokie Curling Club Invitational Bonspiel, Skokie, Ill.
- 20-15 Tri-City Curling Club Bonspiel, Fort Edwards, Wis.
- 20-22 Utica Curling Club Mixed Bonspiel, Utica, N.Y.
- 28-28 Detroit Curling Club Annual Orange Blossom Mixed Bonspiel, Detroit.
- 30- St. Paul Curling Club Annual Invitational Bonspiel, St. Paul.

MARCH

- 8-8 Lake Placid Club Mixed Bonspiel, Lake Placid, N.Y.
- 8-8 St. Andrew's Golf Club Mixed Bonspiel, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.
- 14 Gordon International Medal; United States vs. Canada, Montreal, Quebec.
- 17-22 Hibbing Curling Club Iron Range Club Spiel; Hibbing, Minn.
- 18-21 Elgin Trophy, Grand National Trophy, Past Presidents' Trophy; Canadian Branch, Royal Caledonian Curling Club, Montreal, Quebec.
- 25 U.S. Nat'l. Curling Championships for Men, Green Bay, Wis.



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PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL

Games through February

JANUARY

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 11 Bos vs. Minn at Seattle | 16 DETROIT* Phil at Bos |
| 12 Det vs. Cinn at St. Louis | 17 Cinn at Syr |
| 13 Minn at Phil at Boston | 18 Det at Bos |
| 14 Syr vs. Phil at NY at Bos | 19 Syr at Cinn* NY at StL |
| 15 StL at Det | 20 Minn at Phil |
| 16 NY vs. Phil at Syr | 21 Det vs. Phil at Bethlehem |
| 17 Minn at Syr | 22 Cinn vs. Phil at New York |
| 18 Bos at Phil | 23 StL at NY |
| 19 Syr at StL | 24 Syr at Det |
| 20 Cinn at NY | 25 StL at Bos |
| 21 Phil at Det | 26 Cinn at Phil |
| 22 StL at Bos* | 27 Syr at Minn |
| 23 NY at Syr | 28 Syr vs. Minn at Houston |
| 24 Det at Cinn | 29 Det vs. Minn at StL |
| 25 NY vs. Cinn at St. Louis | 30 Cinn at StL |
| 26 Bos at Phil | 31 Syr vs. NY at Boston |
| 27 Det at Syr | |
| 28 NY at Cinn | |
| 29 EAST-WEST ALL-STAR GAME AT | |
| | 30 StL vs. Minn at Detroit |
| | Cinn at Det |

FEBRUARY

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 Syr at Bos | Minn at StL |
| 2 Phil at NY | Cinn at Phil |
| 3 Cinn at Minn* | 4 Det at Bos |
| 4 Det at NY | 5 Cinn at NY |
| 5 StL vs. Bos at New York | 6 Phil at Syr |
| 6 Syr at NY | 7 StL at Minn* |
| 7 Phil at Cinn | 8 NY vs. Bos at NY |
| 8 NY at Bos | 9 StL at NY |
| 9 StL at Syr | 10 Minn at Det |
| 10 Phil at Det | 11 NY at Cinn |
| 11 NY vs. Syr at Philadelphia | 12 Det at Minn |
| 12 StL at Phil | 13 Bos at Syr |
| 13 Det vs. Syr at Boston | 14 Minn vs. NY at Detroit |
| 14 StL at Bos | 15 Bos at Det |
| 15 Bos at NY | 16 Cinn at StL |
| 16 Phil at Minn | 17 Det vs. NY at Philadelphia |
| 17 Cinn at Bos | 18 Syr at Phil |
| 18 NY at Bos* | 19 Phil at NY |
| 19 Minn at Det | 20 Det at Syr* |
| 20 Phil at StL | 21 Bos at Cinn |
| 21 Det vs. Cinn at Fort Wayne | 22 Minn at StL |
| 22 NY at Minn | 23 Cinn vs. Syr at New York |
| 23 StL vs. Syr at Philadelphia | 24 Bos at NY |
| 24 Bos at Phil | 25 NY at Phil |
| 25 StL at Det | 26 Cinn vs. Minn at Detroit |
| 26 Cinn vs. Minn at Houston | 27 StL at Phil |
| 27 Phil at Bos | 28 Bos vs. Phil at Syracuse |
| 28 Det at Syr | 29 StL at Syr |
| 29 Cinn at Minn | 30 Det at Cinn |
| 30 NY at StL | 31 Minn at Bos |
| 31 Syr at Phil | 1 StL at StL |
| 1 NY at Det | 2 Minn at NY |
| 2 Syr at Bos | 3 StL at Cinn |

*Houston NBC TV

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

With holiday tournament juggling behind them, the nation's college basketball teams tackled away the time and hoopla for another day and got down to the risky business of conference warfare. Some, like Cincinnati, were nursing bruises after unexpected setbacks, while others, like North Carolina State and St. John's, were riding cloud-nine.

THE SOUTH

Resourceful North Carolina State emerged from the Dixie Classic as the team to beat in the Atlantic Coast Conference. After barely squeaking by Georgetown (usually 67-61 in overtime), the Wolfpack set a double-teaming trap for Clarence "Oscar" Robertson, snipped it closed by having Dan Enghardt's bank "The Big O" from the front while John Rickett brought up the rear and tamed the subacute Beantuts 68-60. Next came undefeated Michigan State, a 75-58 winner over South Carolina, but Coach Eric Case had still another defensive ace up his sleeve, combining a zone with Lou Piniello's shoemaking to beat the Spartans 78-61 for the title. Meanwhile, North Carolina, pointing for a Jan. 14 showdown with the Wolfpack, came back to edge Cincinnati 56-55 and thump Notre Dame 69-54 on national TV.

Kennedy, never quite looking great but almost always adequate, ran over Navy 82-68, squirmed past Illinois 78-73 before 18,254 at Louisville—largest crowd ever to see a regular-season game in the South and ruled by towels. York 72-62 to run its undefeated string to 11. But Coach Adolph Rupp was already worrying about Auburn, a band of fast-breaking country boys who owned the nation's longest winning streak—19 straight. The Tigers beat Florida State 69-62, then persuaded travel-weary Mississippi State to play its running game

and rewarded the Maroons with their first loss, 97-68, in an SEC opener. Mourned State's Coach Babe McCarthy: "We just don't play like that. We couldn't handle their shuffle. I guess somebody else, but I'm not the man to think up a way. They just whipped our lanny."

Next Virginia, ahead of the pack in the Southern Conference, rebounded from two stunning defeats to beat Tennessee 74-72 and Yale 90-72.

THE EAST

New Yorkers, quick to praise visiting heroes, dislodged over one of their own after Tony Jackson (see right), a limber-legged, 6-foot 3-inch sophomore, scored 33 points and picked off 22 rebounds to lead St. John's to a 90-79 victory over St. Joseph's (Pa.) in the Holiday Festival final, and then helped the Redmen hold off Temple 50-36.

Libertine St. Francis (Pa.) plucked the bronze ring in the Carousel Classic at Charlotte, N.C., holding on grimly in the face of a gallant Fordham rally to win 74-71. The Rams found things no easier back home in the East, losing to Connecticut 74-63, Dartmouth, a 72-69 winner over Columbia in the Queen City tournament, was thumped by Holy Cross 92-68.

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten, long a jungle for favorites, got off the mark in its usual unpredictable fashion. Purdue was the first to feel the wrath of an underdog, losing to Michigan 82-75, while Michigan State and Illinois just did manage to survive. A jump shot by Starr's Horace Walker squelched Indiana 79-77; Illinois' Lou Laney piffled a three-in and scored to beat Ohio State 83-80. Northwestern held on long enough to edge rallying Iowa 86-77, and Minnesota truffled Wisconsin 79-66.

Kansas State established itself as the



SCORING Tony Jackson dunks one for St. John's before his New York admirers.

rise of the Big Eight, beating Colorado 67-66 when trailing Hal Bessner took charge in the closing minutes. Bradley was still unbeaten after eight games and Marquette outscored Detroit 55-66 for its 10th win in 11 games.

THE SOUTHWEST

Utah-beaten Texas A&M, laddered up by a 41-45 victory over TCU for its first Southwest Conference tournament title, got off on the right foot in league competition, taking a 63-63 cliffhanger from SMU on Wayne Ligonier's basket with three seconds to play. TCU, with broad-beamed H. E. Kirschner (6-10, 240 pounds) throwing his weight around (or 28 points), had an easy time disposing of Baylor 72-62, while Rice, which had previously beaten Texas by 21 points, fell to the Longhorns 61-58 and Arkansas upset Texas Tech 61-55.

THE WEST

For all of 24 hours, California appeared to be perched in the embled seat in the PCC. The Bears, using a proeing defense, had Washington's high-fiving stars wobbling, and 6-foot 9-inch Darryl Imhoff took charge of the backboard to shock the favored Huskies 54-43. But it's next night California met a defense even bit as good as its own and an offense just a little better and lost to Oregon 59-57. USC had better luck, defeating Oregon 65-56 and Oregon State 69-43 to take the league lead. UCLA beat Idaho 62-55 and lost to Washington State 71-54; Stanford dented Washington State 59-49 and bowed to Idaho 56-51.

HOW THE MAJOR HOLIDAY TOURNAMENTS ENDED

Holiday Festival, New York: St. John's 90—St. Joseph's (Pa.) 79
Queen City, Buffalo: Dartmouth 77—Carnegie 69
Providence (R.I.) Invitational: Providence 61—Boston College 60
Blue Grass, Louisville: North Carolina 70—Northwestern 64
Kentucky Invitational, Lexington, Ky.: Kentucky 97—W. Virginia 91
Dove Classic, Raleigh, N.C.: N. Carolina 76—Michigan 52-61
Coke Bowl, Jacksonville: LSU 85—Mississippi 55
Sugar Bowl, New Orleans: Mississippi 72—Memphis 51-55
Carousel Classic, Charlotte, N.C.: St. Francis (Pa.) 74—Fordham 71
Hurricane Invitational, Miami: Miami (Ohio) 80—Miami (Fla.) 87

Birmingham (Ala.) Classic: Auburn 79—Alabama 69
Richmond (Va.) Invitational: Penn St. 60—Richmond 54
All-America City, Danvers, Ky.: Ohio U. 86—Utah St. 72
All College, Oklahoma City: Oklahoma City 75—Duquesne 59
Big Eight, Kansas City: Kansas St. 67—Colorado 66
Hewner Classic, Indianapolis: Purdue 74—Notre Dame 59
Moler City, Orion, Michigan 20—Detroit 68
Southwest Conference, Austin: Texas A&M 61—TCU 45
Far West Classic, Corvallis, Ore.: Oregon St. 72—Idaho 71
California Winter Classic, Santa Barbara: Asst. St. 91—Hawaii 75

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SOVIET FLAG JOINS OLD GLORY IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN FOR OPENING GAME



UNUSUAL TOURISTS IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
JANUARY 10, 1959

RED ICEMEN COME,

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

While its epic reach into space was dominating world conversation last week, the Soviet Union was, as usual, practicing one-upmanship in sports as well as in cosmic matters. In ice hockey this took the form of an expedition to the U.S. by the best players in the land. Many of them were veterans of last year's world championship at Oslo, which hockey-ground Canada won from Russia by the skin of its teeth. Some had helped Russia win the Olympic hockey title at Cortina in 1956. Like all important Soviet athletes, they had emerged from a state-sponsored program whose goal—and frequent achievement—is world supremacy. The U.S. obviously could not counter with players of the stature of the New York Rangers' Andy Bathgate (see page 26) or the Detroit Red Wings' Gordie Howe. These are professionals in name as well as spirit, and Canadians of that. In the three games matching country against country we relied on an amateur team composed largely of ex-collegians, the majority Minnesota boys. Some of them had represented the U.S. in international meets, but they were given little chance against the superbly trained and disciplined visitors. Americans may take pride, then, in the fact that the U.S. team skated the Russians to a standstill in the first game, in Madison's Madison Square Garden, and continued to play spirited hockey despite being overmatched. Here is our correspondent's report.

NIKOLAI SOLOGUBOV, a 34-year-old ice hockey player with worn features and straggly blond hair, might best be described as a Soviet version of Enos Slaughter. A hustling defenseman, Sologubov came upon hockey more or less by chance after he was wounded in the feet at Leningrad by a German booby trap. During his convalescence he began skating, and when he was transferred to Khabarovsk in the Soviet far east at the end of the war he switched to hockey. By 1949 he was good enough to attract the notice of the Central Athletic Club of the Ministry of Defense, the formal name for the Soviet army team, and things being what they are in the U.S.S.R., it was no trick at all to transfer him back to his native Moscow. In 1955 he became



HATTED RUSSIANS EYE A WARMING DISPLAY OF BAREKICKERS IN DRESSING



TATTOOED SOLOGUBOV FINDS IT A GREAT WORLD

SEE AND CONQUER

a member of the Soviet International team and in 1936 the team captain. At present he is a senior lieutenant in the army, the proud owner of a Volga car and an Honored Master of Sport, a title the Soviet government bestows on athletes not only for their ability but their attitude. Last week Sologubov, who is known as Kolya to his friends, and 17 other hockey players arrived in the United States for an eight-game tour. The first three were played in New York, Minneapolis and Hibbing, Minn. against the U.S. Nationals, which is composed of this country's best available amateurs. One says available because, although this is a strong team, it is not the strongest the U.S. could muster. For example, Johnny Maysich, the star of the 1935 and 1938

Nationals, is too busy working as a salesman for a Twin Cities radio and television station to take the time off. Like the Russians, the Nationals are scheduled to compete in the world championships at Prague in March, and the almost four months required for training, touring and the tournament itself are a hardship, especially when you're getting only \$10 a day for room and board.

Sologubov and the Soviet team flew into New York a week ago Tuesday. They spent New Year's Eve watching the New York Rangers and the Boston Bruins play a rather violent game in Madison Square Garden, and Kolya and Company, who shoo violence on the ice, were distinctly unimpressed when a couple of the players tried to chop one another

up with their sticks. As it turned out, the Rangers and the Bruins might have done well to have stayed around to see the Soviet team tie the Nationals the next day. The Russians, though somewhat sluggish from the unaccustomed heat in the Garden (this is an American explanation, not a Soviet alibi), put on a display of skating and passing finesse that had rarely been seen there since the pros began to downgrade stickhandling in the late 1930s. The Russians supposedly started their hockey homework 10 years ago by studying films of old Stanley Cup games, and that, so the story goes, is where they got their foundation in finesse.

The Nationals, who by contrast played the rough and individualistic

(Continued on page 15)

CHIEF INTO SUPERCHIEF



That was the verdict on Alex (The Chief) Olmedo, the happy young Peruvian shown on the opposite page, after his brilliant tennis recaptured the Davis Cup for the U.S.

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

ON a sweltering New Year's Eve, on the chow-up center court of the Milton Club in subtropical Brisbane, America broke Australia's tennis monopoly and won the Davis Cup for the second time in eight years. The individual hero of this almost unbelievable achievement was a 22-year-old Peruvian named Alex Olmedo. Olmedo upset the world's two best amateur players—Moi Anderson on the first day and Ashley Cooper on the third—and in between joined with Ham Richardson in capturing the vital doubles. Thus he won two of the U.S.'s three points and shared in the third. Barry MacKay of Dayton failed to match his peak performance of last year as he lost to both Cooper and Anderson in the singles.

Last February, when 30-year-old Perry T. Jones was named captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, two individuals figured prominently in his plans for recovery of the international tennis trophy. One was Olmedo. The other was professional Promoter Jack Kramer. This last drew some pointed criticism, but the aging captain merely shrugged his massive shoulders and said: "When I took this job I knew there were some things about it which I could not handle. I am not a tactician. I am an executive and an organizer. So I decided to get the best men possible to help me. Number one on this list was Jack Kramer, who, I think, is the most brilliant man in the sport."

Jones had to battle to get Olmedo on his team. His selection was resisted by American team officials on the

grounds he is not an American, but Jones's persuasiveness won the young player the unanimous approval of the Davis Cup Selection Committee. There were other difficulties. Kramer was fighting a private war with the Australian amateur tennis officials over venues for his pro matches, while Jones, as a tennis ambassador, was attempting to keep the Australian brass happy. It was an awkward position for both Jones and Kramer, but they never wavered.

Another distraction was the case of Ham Richardson. As the No. 1 player in the U.S., Richardson had been begged to leave his job as an aide to Senator Russell Long of Louisiana in order to make the trip. He expected to play in both the singles and doubles. But Jones and his staff of advisers felt that Richardson's diabetic condition might work to his detriment over a three-day test in intense heat. So they decided to bench him in the singles and play him in the doubles only. This was a sharp blow to Richardson's pride, and, after failing in the final hours before the matches to convince Jones otherwise, he issued a strongly worded statement criticizing Jones. The American captain drew soothing comments from the Australian press for benching Richardson. Even Harry Hopman, the Australian captain, said with a complacent grin: "We are pleasantly surprised that Markay was named instead of Richardson. We think Richardson is the strongest man on their team."

Those barbs were all that Kramer and company, who seldom miss a trick, needed. They agreed the clippings around the U.S. dressing room before the first day's matches, then cornered Olmedo at a prematch meal

UNRESTRAINED enthusiasm of Captain Perry Jones attracted and excited Aussies.

Continued on page 47



Alejandro Omedo y Rodriguez, III, was born in Arequipa, Peru, son of the caretaker can you at the local tennis club. He came to this country four years ago, scared and broke, and deposited himself with Perry Jones at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Omedo was given lessons. Omedo was taught English. Omedo was sent to college. Omedo played Kramer. He played Gonzalez. In short, Alex Omedo underwent an intense processing that eventually led to his winning the Davis Cup last week.

Off the court, Alex' recreational needs are simple—western movies and girls. Like most other Latin residents of southern California, he drives a vintage Mercury ("Mexican Mustang"). The car is incapable of driving past a pretty girl. Alex loves to beat at them good-naturedly, to seduce them if they smoke in public ("a

pretty girl like you shouldn't smoke on the streets") or, if his original approach has been well received, to arrange a date—to go to a cowboy movie or a dance.

As a playboy, however, Alex is barless. "Alex is not a wolf," insists one friend, "he just falls in love with every girl he sees." Omedo admits he would like to get married. He has a girl in mind, just marriage. It is an attitude which may yet give Davis Cup Captain Jones and staff a major headache. If Jack Kramer's gas tour offers enough money, Alex Omedo may forsake his amateur standing next year and set out in search of the whirlwind for marriage. "Alex has been a hungry player since he came to this country," another friend says. "Mr. Jones saw to it that he got to the best places and dressed in the most tasteful clothes and went to the right tourna-

ments. But Alex has never had any real money. He's quite frugal; in fact, you could say parsimonious. But then he has had to be."

The toast of two continents who may well star in ticker-tape parades in Los Angeles and Lima early this year, Omedo is a scrapping moral to entrepreneur Kramer, and it is hard to imagine the world's most exciting tennis player going back to answering phones in the Peruvian consulate in Los Angeles to earn enough money for his coffee and beans. Of course, Alex would like to win at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. He would like to defend his personally won Davis Cup. But he frankly admits he wants to exchange his two-room apartment, where he frequently opens and cooks his own cans of food, for a hillside home, a real Ma-serati and a wife to open those cans.

JAMES MURRAY

How Basketball Players Look under Glass

**Shooting through the transparent
backboard, the color camera
catches pro ball's swirling action**

WHEN the world champion St. Louis Hawks met the Cincinnati Royals in Cincinnati recently, a nationwide TV audience wondered if the screen or their eyes were deceiving them. As the action flowed toward one end of the court, they caught frequent glimpses of what was, apparently, a man crouching behind one of the baskets and following the players' movements closely. Some guessed he was a third referee, making his calls from a new vantage point—not a bad idea at that. Actually, he was Photographer Hy Peskin, precariously straddling the steel backboard supports and aiming his color camera at the game below to produce the unique pictures on the opposite and following pages. Peskin used a 35-mm. wide-angle Minolta, synchronized with two Ascor speed lamps suspended from the ceiling. This enabled him to maintain his shaky perch with a minimum of equipment. "It took a little while," Peskin reports, "before I stopped flinching each time the ball flew up at me—I was only a few feet from that glass backboard. The players got used to my presence quickly." The game itself was an easy one (100-89) for the Hawks who, close to mid-point in the season now, are clearly in command of the Western Division race and headed for the defense of their title in subsequent playoffs. Only the Detroit Pistons appear to have any chance to catch them. In the East, after a slow start, the Boston Celtics are beginning to demonstrate why having the league's best rebounder (Bill Russell) and its best backcourt (Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman) makes them the strongest contender for the Hawks' crown. Another playoff series between these teams—the third in a row—is likely.

HOPING vainly for miss, Royals' Jack Twyman (center) and Dave Fenton (lower right) watch free throw by Hawks' Lovellette (34) swish through cords.



CONVERGING

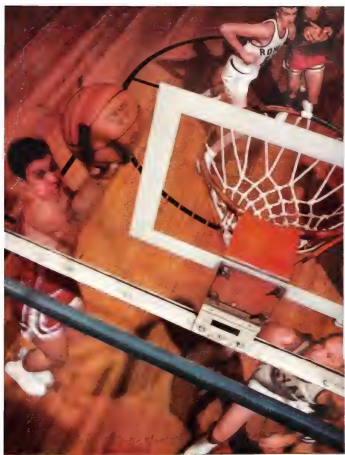
under the basket are all 10 Hawks and Royals as Cincinnati's Jack Parr lifts a soft hook shot over Clyde Lovellette's desperate attempt to block.

LOVELLETTE

LOVELLETTE: JACK PARR OF THE CINCINNATI ROYALS SHOTS THE BALL OVER CLYDE LOVELLETTE'S ATTEMPT TO BLOCK.







FLOATING gracefully toward basket's rim, the Hawks' rugged forward, Cliff Hagan, comes in for layup as Cincinnati's Jim Palmer waits hopefully for rebound.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Out of the Red Ford

DEDICATED as we are to the contemplation of earthly affairs, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has no way of evaluating the full significance of the latest Soviet space shot, which seems at this writing to have streaked right past the moon and into the sun field. As sportsmen, however, we cannot help emitting an enthusiastic if almost involuntary cheer when anyone steps up to the plate and knocks the ball clean out of the park.

As we said, we don't know quite what it proves, but we can't help wishing one of our boys had been as fast.

Climate Forecast

PREDICTIONS for 1959 being all the vogue these early January days, we mean to mull one out of our own. It amounts to this: there is a slim, marginal, outside chance that the penalty for out-of-bounds golf balls may be reduced sometime fairly soon. It may — having open rebellion by the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland against the United States Golf Association.

As currently written, the penalty for lost, unplayable and out-of-bounds balls is strokes and distance, i.e., two strokes and back to the original lie. To most U.S. golfers the penalty seems fair enough for lost and unplayable balls. It discourages, at least, a too hasty judgment on whether your ball is really lost or is really unplayable. But one of bounds is out of bounds, U.S. golfers argue, and since no causal conclusion is involved, a one-stroke penalty would do nicely. And it had been that way, off and on, until 1951 when the USGA and the R&A drew up a unified code. The Scots, *conscientious* and

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This May, at the third rules meeting between the two factions, the matter will be officially thrashed over for the second time. "There is a strong feeling in this country to reduce the out-of-bounds penalty and let the others stand," says an officer of the USGA. There is also support in Britain, acknowledges one R&A member, but there is an on-the-other-hand attitude, too. "It was tried some years ago here and was not

unpopular," he said. "Some still feel if you reduce the out-of-bounds penalty only, the chap who loses a ball may look you in the eye and tell you he lost it out of bounds. If you buy that, you may give him a stroke."

Well, anyhow, even if the rule is changed, it will not go into effect until 1989. By next January, should our prediction be all wrong, you most likely will have forgotten we ever got your homes on.

Abstract



²² "After seeing Jack, you just about 'advised' me right out of business."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Is Football Educational?

WHEN the legislators of Texas gather in Austin next week, they will be called upon to decide an issue of major consequence to the state's football future. The issue: Do intercollegiate sports constitute an educational activity? If so, the state auditor is ready to rule, state-college athletic programs in Texas can be supported by taxpayers' money; if not, state colleges must stop dipping into funds appropriated for educational purposes, must either make ends meet or constrict athletics.

What brought about the legislative policy issue was an investigation ordered last spring by the Texas lawmakers with a view to trimming expenditures for athletics in the 17 state colleges. The investigators must have thought they were on the right track when the president of Sul Ross Teachers College complained that football was devouring his budget, forcing him to curtail biology and risk censure from the accrediting boards.

The investigators promptly interviewed each of the other state college presidents, were shocked to learn that only two schools—the University of Texas and Texas A&M—break even on football. All the rest go into the red, use tax funds to offset the deficit. The six teachers colleges face the worst, have been known to gross as little as \$16.90 a game at the box

office, together lose more than a quarter of a million dollars a year. At the same time, these six schools award (out of state funds) 447 athletic scholarships worth \$246,016.

Is intercollegiate football educational in Texas? Our Texas correspondent underlines one argument that the proponents of continued state aid are planning to use: Texas athletes graduate from state-aided colleges to become the coaches of the 917 football-playing high schools of the state. An exasperated official predicts: "Just wait until the folks out at the forks of the creek hear about this. They sure won't want any politicians tampering with their football."

The debate in Austin should be worth watching—by fans, taxpayers and state auditors everywhere.

Old Bullybottom

*Oh, better that her skittered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her shrouds shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the ocean her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale!*

WELL, maybe even a British Officer Wendell Holmes would not have been quite that upset over the latest news concerning *Sceptre*. It

must be admitted, after all, that her achievements on the high seas ranked somewhat below those of Holmes's cherished *Old Ironsides*. Still, it was a stunning blow to many to see it there, written out plain in the agony column of *The Times*: "*Sceptre* for Sale, America's Cup challenger 12-meter yacht *Sceptre* complete with



racing sails and gear—offers exceeding £18,000 to *Sceptre* Syndicate, Box H. 1258, *The Times*, E.C.4."

As London's penny press bloomed in wry headlines like the *Daily Express*' "WANT A YACHT? British sportsmen could only hope that the eventual purchaser would be another Briton with a decent sporting sense. "She would make a very desirable trial horse for the next challenge," suggested Syndicate Chairman Hugh Goodson, timidly but hopefully.

At the very least, we might add, she'd make a nice boat for the kids to practice in—that deep cockpit and all.

Rush to the Rockies

WITH a fireworks display from the summit of Pikes Peak, the state of Colorado began, promptly at midnight on New Year's Eve, a centennial celebration that will last throughout 1959. Not that Colorado has a century of seniority over Alaska; it didn't actually become a state until 1876. The present celebration is of the discovery of gold in the old Colorado Territory and of the first mass settlement of the region, two events that took place in quick succession back in 1859. That century-old rush to the Rockies was so heavy that about 59 Colorado towns (not counting ghost towns) will reach their hundredth birthday this year.

Of the 540 events with which Colorado plans to mark its centennial, an impressive number are sports events. This is natural: the state itself is a

They Said It

PERRY JONES, U.S. Davis Cup captain, offering an explanation of why his team won: "It is not how you hold your racket, it's how you hold your mind."

FOREST EVANSBYRN, University of Iowa football coach, miserable with a 104° temperature, to his team before the kickoff in the Rose Bowl game: "If you're only as hot as I feel, you'll go out there and kill them."

PAUL BROWN, coach of the Cleveland Browns of the professional National Football League, reflecting on the win-lose-win: "Everybody wants to win, and nobody wants to more than I do. I even want to beat my wife at croquet."

AL WESTER, radio commentator at the Sugar Bowl, just keeping his gums moving at half time: "Well, folks, the great football we've been seeing in the first half of this game may give us some idea of the kind we can expect to see in the second half."

staggeringly beautiful invitation to get outdoors and have fun there. This year Colorado will offer sports for everybody, in all four seasons. Golfers may choose among half a dozen important tournaments, including the National Amateur at Colorado Springs in September. The NCAA ski championships will take place at Winter Park in March, soon after the finish of the national Alpine championships at Aspen. The National AAA track and field championships will be held at Boulder in June, and the meet will serve as a qualifying event for Chicago's Pan American Games.

Russia's Olympic hockey team is in Colorado Springs right now to play Colorado College and the University of Denver. The world figure skating championships will be held in Denver in February.

There will also be basketball tournaments, swimming meets, water skiing, sports car rallies, pistol meets, boat races and plenty of samples of that native western sport, the rodeo.

There will be nonsports events as well. Business, science, education and the arts—all are planning to take part in the celebration. But a significant thing about the sports events is that nearly all of them would have taken place in Colorado even if there had been no centennial. It just seemed right to incorporate them into the festivities because they *belong* there. For attracting people, for entertaining them, for making an occasion special, you can't beat . . . well, Colorado knows this and is set for a happy and memorable 1949.

Goliath

IN French Equatorial Africa not long ago a tribesman captured a specimen of the world's biggest insect, bound its legs together with dried grass blades and sold it to an American. The American naturally pepped it into a tin can and brought it to the United States. Now it lives in a big glass case in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, where it attracts crowds of visitors. Many of them take one startled look and exclaim, "It's alive!" Others ask questions



"Great Scott! I hope he's on a comprehensive credit card."

about the big bug and invent some interesting answers.

Woman: What do they keep him in there for?

Man: They're trying to find a female for him.

The center of all this interest is a male Goliath beetle (proper name: *Goliathus goliathus*). The maximum is



not trying to find a mate for it. Far from it! In hot African forests, it has been spending recent winter nights in a bed, between blankets, to keep warm. It lives on bananas which it peels itself, and on bits of juicy pear. It *likes* English peas but doesn't care for asparagus. It drinks no water at all. John C. Pallister, a research associate of the museum's Department of Insects and Spiders, is the man in charge of exhibiting Goliath and, in

a sense, his keeper. Mr. Pallister thinks the beetle would enjoy a meal of mangoes if any could be found, but they are out of season.

Child: Why doesn't he, Father?

Father: They probably clipped his wings.

Goliath's body is more than four inches long and his wings—which are not clipped—spread eight inches. These dimensions don't sound large, but on sight they turn out to be impressive. Goliath is a much bigger bug than people are accustomed to seeing. The effect is perhaps somewhat like that of encountering a 200-pound baby.

Yet Goliath is more beautiful than frightening. His wing covers look like wine-colored velvet, and the fore part of his body is handsomely striped in black and white. His head is black, with black knob-like eyes, and with a pair of horns at the very end of his nose. He uses his horns to push back a half-inch strip of peel when he wants some banana. When he arrived at the museum, after several

(continued)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

days in the tin can without food, he weighed an ounce and an eighth on a letter scale. Palliser thinks that now, well stuffed with banana and peas, he weighs a good deal more.

Woman: That's a stark raven, I suppose. Come on, Freddie.

The glass case is floored with green blotches and furnished with bare branches which Gelatnik likes to climb. He spends a lot of time high on a branch near the top of his case, where the air is warmest. (A thermometer down on the blotter reads 78°.)

Child: What would happen if he fell?

Father: He'd shake himself and go over and look at the banana.

Someone aims a light meter or a camera at the bug every few minutes, and occasionally a flash bulb is fired off in his face. None of this disturbs him. Recently a 12-year-old boy drew a good life-size sketch of him in pencil.

"The total life of these beetles has never been worked out," says Palliser. "They go through four stages: egg, grub, pupa and adult. The grubs live in rotten stumps and are eaten by the natives. The grub stage lasts about two years—probably longer—but the adult insect apparently lives only about two months. We can therefore expect our present specimen to die of old age within that time. Or he may die of improper care. After all, we're not sure just what he needs."

Child: What will they do when he dies?

Mother: Bury him, I guess. Maybe they'll stuff him.

Actually, they won't do either one. But they will mount him. Insects don't need stuffing.

The 59th Count

IN a snowy Connecticut wood the other morning a man named Roland Clement said, "Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Ah-hoo-ah," and waited for an answer. "Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Ah-hoo-ah," he repeated hopefully. "Ah, I can't fool 'em," Clement, who works for the National Audubon Society, was attempting to hold a conversation with a barn owl—a barn owl's vocabulary, apparently, is half locomotive whistle, half arithmetic

model-A horn—but if a barn owl was about it was keeping its beak shut.

Along with 4,598 other bird watchers in the United States, Canada and Hawaii, Clement was participating in the 59th annual Christmas Bird Count, a benign descendant of the notorious Christmas Bird Shoot. The aim of the shoot was to put as many birds as possible in a single day; the idea of the count is to reckon, by sight or sound, all the birds within a circle 15 miles in diameter, species and individuals, in a single day, and dead birds don't count. The 15-mile circle is so you won't count a bird someone else has counted (unless it flies over the border), and it is subdivided by the census leader who deploys his birders in small groups to get maximum coverage. Proverbial little old ladies in cozy little parlors do their bit by tabulating the birds at their feeding stations.

The count, Clement says, is of considerable scientific value, because it helps to determine the bird population at a time of year when birds are most nearly stationary. But it is, he adds, primarily a game in which parties try to count more birds than they did last year, or more than their neighbors, and is a grand opportunity to tramp with purpose through the outdoors.

In Clement's group were three adult human males and two Gordon setter puppies. The dogs were along for the run, but the men hoped that

they would flush birds as they ranged across abandoned orchards and wetlands. They didn't but were excused on account of age and inexperience. The men, who had no such alibis, did little better, according to seven hours 39 of the most ordinary species and 694 individuals, 329 of which were starlings. Down in the Cocoa-Cape Canaveral, Fla. area, on the other hand, 35 observers led by Ornithologist Allan D. Cruikshank amassed a record 194 species, including eight birds never before seen on a Cocoa count: reddish egret, long-billed curlew, stilts, sandpipers, western meadow lark, black rail, gull billed tern, western grebe and Rhipidoxa flycatcher. But the Connecticut count was not without its special rewards. One of the party learned several useful things:

1) Do not feel sheepish if you identify an airplane as a bird. Birders will tell you it is a goshawk but that you may not count it. This is a joke and you can join in the laughter.

2) Big birds are called "big fellows"; small birds are called "small stuff." Knowing birders employ these generic terms. Do not mix them up if you want to avoid reproving glances.

3) You may be asked to "roll down your car window and squeak a bit." This is not a joke. Do as you are asked. Any squeaky, unattractive noises, such as a hissing sound or a thin tooth-whistle, will attract certain curious birds and assure your popularity.

4) If a promising area is barren of avifauna do not complain. If you want to appear the in-group old pro, say: "Where they are not is just as important as where they are. It is hard to get these enthusiastic young birders interested in this. They just want to build up a big list." If your tone is solemn enough, you're in.

5) If your leader announces a lunch break, sneeze faintly, and say: "You're pretty ladylike down here (or up here). Why, up (or down or out) at (name a remote locale) we ate on the run." You'll be looked up to.

6) Identify a cat as a feeding station. This is also a joke. Birders tolerate just so much flippancy, so use it only on the first cat you see. **END**



On the Up and Up

He does a hundred pushups, though
He's thin and old and gray.
He doesn't do them in a row,
He does them one a day.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



THE DAVIS CUP, SYMBOL OF INTERNATIONAL TENNIS SUPREMACY, IS BOUND FOR AMERICA ONCE AGAIN

READY, U.S.? READY, PERU?

AFTER eight years spent mostly in the gloomy vaults of the Bank of New South Wales—a sojourn interrupted by one brief visit to the U.S. in 1954—the magnificently embossed punch bowl pictured here is once again on its way to America. We say "America" advisedly because we feel, and proudly so, that the recapture of the Davis Cup this time was a truly American triumph.

Criticism of the U.S. Davis Cup committee was widespread last fall when a shy young native of Peru, who makes no claim to citizenship, was chosen to represent us. The boy himself was a likable lad with the elusive good looks and the inward thrust of some woodland Pan, and few can now deny that 22-year-old Alex (The Child) Olmedo justified his individual role in the dispute by meeting and beating the best players in Australia. But even after the victory a question remained over the

propriety of his representing a land not his own. The Davis Cup, some claimed, had been won not by the U.S. but by Peru.

Nonsense.

For all his skill Alex Olmedo did not win the Davis Cup alone. His victory was won by the concerted efforts of a U.S. team (and its advisers) whose success culminated a campaign that began many years ago when the present cup captain, Perry Jones, first began encouraging Chilean's young tennis players.

For quibblers there is a further argument that the Davis Cup itself has a kind of built-in citizenship under which no one may represent a nation in cup play without serving three full years of resident apprenticeship so that, rather, he goes back again to play even for his own nation until three full years after his last match. Since few players can sustain cup caliber for more than six years, it

would be a rare tennis player who could switch allegiance.

As a promising youngster in Peru, Alex Olmedo was virtually snubbed at the tennis club where his father worked as caretaker and pen. Last week, after becoming world famed under Perry Jones's tutelage, he was made a life member of the same club. "My only wish now is that he come back to us soon—with the cup," said Alex' mother Fortunata.

We don't for a minute believe that the Davis Cup now belongs rightfully in Peru, but we do think Fortunata should get a good look at it. Instead of tucking it away in some bank vault, let the USLEA come and send the cup to Lima for an exhibition in, say, the spacious Hall of the Americas in Lima's new National Stadium, where stand 21 columns and shields symbolizing the American republics, as a token of one Good Neighbor's appreciation of another. **END**

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



THE PICTURE TO BEAT IN 1959

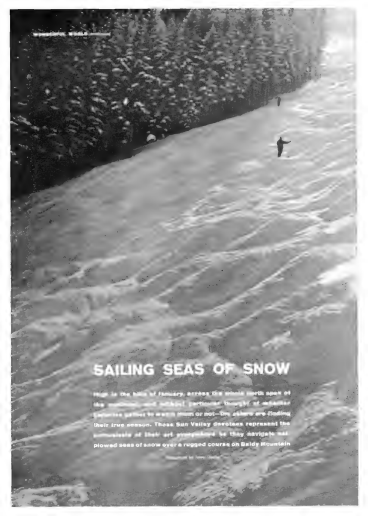
Photographers had 364 days left last week, perhaps not a day too many, to reach this picture taken by David Smith of the Associated Press during the first round, January 2, of the Los Angeles Open. Smith's camera has just caught close to four more months apiece—including that of Professional Galler Doug Sanders (center), who caused it all—at the precise moment Sanders' 75-foot putt on the broad and steep 18th green at the Rancho Golf Club disappeared into the hole.



It is said that oldtimers can reckon the exact length of a putt on a nearby green from the volume and duration of the gallery's shout, but the sonics of this one must have puzzled them. For the first round the pin was at the extreme left and rear of the green. Sanders' approach shot barely made the right edge of the green, and he spent nearly a minute in the fancy ritual of lining up his putt. He aimed the ball eight inches to the right of the hole, figuring the slope would bend it in. As the

ball rolled uphill across the vast reaches of the green, the gallery grew *murmurous*, then erupted. "Even a blind pig can find an acorn," said Sanders, as he carded a birdie three for a first-round 68.

Triumphant Gaffer Sanders is 25 years old, plays out of Miami Beach, and last year won \$15,000 and the Western Open. In the Los Angeles Open, lavish beginning of the winter tour, he kept his touch well enough to finish fourth in tournament, which Ken Venturi won.



WOODWARD WORLD

SAILING SEAS OF SNOW

High in the hills of January, across the whole north span of the mountain, with without particular thought of whether anyone bothers to watch them or not—the skiers are finding their true season. These San Valley daredevils represent the summits of their art, convinced as they navigate map-plowed seas of snow over a rugged course on Baldy Mountain

Continued on page 100



A LONG, COLD ROAD TO FAME

Seasoned in subzero weather on open rinks, Andy Bathgate has slated to hockey glory

by KENNETH RUBEN

As fall dissolved into the new year, the most exciting player in ice hockey was the dark-haired young man who looks out from this week's cover, Andrew James Bathgate. The 2nd magnitude Maurice "Rocket" Richard, 35, and Gordie Howe, 39, were still very much around, but their supreme years lay behind them. At 24, playing right wing and wearing the number 9, even as Richard and Howe, Bathgate looked ahead.

Already conceded to be the finest player to put on the red, white and blue uniform of the New York Rangers since the heyday of the great pre-war wing, Red Bill Cook, Bathgate was making the best start of his short but dazzling career. He shot magnificently, skated with the pack as well that he stirred oldtimers to memories of the great stickhandlers of bygone days and passed the puck with uncanny timing and aim. He scored goals in seven consecutive games, approaching the record of nine held by the immortal Richard. On New Year's Day, halfway point of the season, he stood first in the National Hockey League in goal scoring, with 21, and was on the heels of Montreal's Henri "Bom Bom" Goulet in the total point race, with 44 to Bom Bom's 48. And since he is ordinarily a strong finisher he has a fighting chance for the season scoring championship, even though the leading Canadians will no doubt have many more goals than the Rangers and thus a bigger scoring pie to slice.

As usual, Bathgate has the satisfaction as well as the responsibility of knowing that he is the heart of the

Cooling out after game, dark-ringed Bathgate relaxes in long-sleeved shirt that players wear under uniform sweater.





BOSTON DEFENSEMAN, SCHEENING GOALIE, WAITS TENSELY AS BATHGATE, A SEVERAL GOAL SCORER, MOVES IN TO SHOOT

Rangers. Especially this year, with the team loaded with rookies, he is an indispensable man if the Rangers are to attain the Stanley Cup playoffs, the world series of hockey.

Off the ice, Bathgate is a likable and unaffected man of unusually abstemious habits. Alcohol has never touched his lips, nor tobacco smoke his lungs. He is a superbly conditioned athlete, and has been since the vigorous days of his boyhood in the Winnipeg suburb of West Kildonan on the wind-swept Manitoba plains.

Picture a large white frame house in the pre-dawn dark of a Sunday morning in winter. The temperature outside is 35° below zero, and it is too early now for the bitter wind that waits until after dawn to crack its cheeks. In his unheated bedroom a 12-year-old Andy Bathgate is sleeping beneath a pile of blankets. He wears the long underwear that everyone wears, day and night, in that unforgiving climate. The alarm clock rings at 4:30 a.m. The boy gets up, struggles into two pairs of trousers, some sweaters, boots and a parka, runs downstairs to pick up his skates and hockey stick and rushes to the town dresshouse to rendezvous with his chums Vic Love, Alan Frimack and John Nogladnik.

Thankful for the absence of wind, they set out along the snow-bordered road to Winnipeg on foot (the trolley hasn't yet begun its rounds). It is five miles to their goal—the haven of scrimmaging on an indoor rink at the only time they can have it in hockey-mad Winnipeg, from 8 to 8

a.m. Leaving grudgingly at 8 they ride the trolley back to West Kildonan. Andy thaws out in the glow of the big, potbellied stove in the Bathgate kitchen, wolf breakfast, and goes out to 10 o'clock Mass. In the remaining daylight hours he plays as much hockey as he can on the frigid outdoor rinks of the neighborhood, making trips home for lunch and now and then a wisp of hot chocolate beside the stove. At night Andy tunes in a major league hockey game and dreams of future glory.

A RUBY BOYHOOD

Now, among the many Depression babies like Bathgate in the NHL, there are undoubtedly some who moved mountains to become major leaguers. But it seems safe to say that Bathgate was exceptional even for this rugged breed. He had a hockey stick in his hands at 4, and he was playing in organized community games at 9. He managed to get in as many as 100 games a season as an adolescent; during one winter he played on eight different teams and coached another. In those days the Rangers trained in Winnipeg, and Bathgate snatched every opportunity to watch them practice. One day, Bryan Hestall, a Ranger star of the day, noticed the wide-eyed kid, talked to him and began to ridge sticks for him. Most of them were broken, but there was "the old good stick," and Bathgate's eyes gleam today in the remembrance. And so he squirmed away sticks against the needs of the

winter—the broken ones to be glued and splinted.

When the weather became so cold (Bathgate remembers a reading of 41 below zero) in the Winnipeg rink—and the wind so force that feet might freeze in skate shoes, Andy and a friend put on boots and took up positions on opposite sides of a rink, some 10 feet apart, and alternately shot and played goalie. Each wore a heavy gauntlet and tried to catch the puck as the other shot as hard as he could. There was a gentleman's agreement to keep the puck high, because low shots broke sticks and ankles.

"We'd just keep shooting the puck harder and harder and harder," Bathgate says. "After a while you developed something. Now all the kids are going in for curling. In heated rinks! And they're winning cars as prizes. I'm afraid there aren't many hungry hockey players coming along out there."

While developing the ability to launch what is now one of the hardest shots in hockey, Bathgate unwittingly acquired the bad habit of making only high shots. When he discovered later that he could not expect to survive in professional hockey without a variety of shots, he buckled down to learn them. Today he mixes the high hard one judiciously with the rest, but even so he is conspicuous for his attempts to score from far out. Occasionally he succeeds spectacularly. For example, in a game last season he cracked a rising slap shot between the

continued

top goal post and the shoulder of the startled Montreal goalie, Jacques Plante, from beyond the blue line, about 75 feet away.

"The main thing in shooting," Bathgate says, "is your grip on the stick. You don't have to be big and you don't have to be strong, but you have to have the right grip. People talk a lot about my slap shot—that's an arm shot; you don't break the wrists. But my best shot is a wrist shot with no followthrough. I

with the Junior Bs but, positive that he was worth the \$40 he could earn with the A team, he persuaded the organizers, with the help of his brother, to give him a chance.

On his first shift on the ice in his first game Bathgate took a stiff head check and felt his left knee give way. This was the onset of the knee miseries that still bedevil him. A month later, after a little worry, he was back on the ice wearing a brace and on his way to provincial fame. He was captain of the team in his third and last year. Despite these more bad

a line that had Wally Hergenhimer and Paul Roney as the scorers. I didn't fit in, so the Rangers sold me to Cleveland, but kept the right to buy me back. When they sent me down I seriously thought about quitting hockey. The thing that kept me in was that I knew in my heart I could play as well as some of the fellows the Rangers had up there. After that season they called me back and I stayed."

In his first complete season with the Rangers (1954-55) Bathgate crushed the elite circle of scorers by shooting 20 goals. Scoring 20 or more goals a season in the NHL is a feat roughly equal to batting .500 or higher in baseball.

Now Bathgate, and consequently the Rangers, really began to move. In 1955-56 he scored 19 goals and had 47 assists for a point total of 66, breaking the 26-year-old team record of 62 set by the famous playmaker Frank Boucher. The team went to third place in the league and so got into the playoffs for the first time since 1930.

FORWARD AND FORWARD

One of Bathgate's most valuable traits is a willingness to study hockey closely and turn his lessons to good account. He has never looked back. In 1957-58 he scored 27 goals and 50 assists for 77 points, his season totals 10-18 in two points, and Bathgate was third in league scoring behind Duke J. Moore and Brian Stastny of the champion Canadiens. The Rangers have not been shut out of the playoffs since he began to catch fire.

Eyesores were lit by conservative hockey men when the wise and skeptical New York *World Telegram* writer, Al Loney, declared in this magazine as early as April 1957 that the game's superstars must make room for Bathgate at the summit.

"All of [the superstars] are at once individuals and great team players," Loney wrote, "and what they have in common is an uncommon skill and flair for a most difficult game. To each, the number of strategic, or puck-carrying, possibilities is greater than to others and in a game where the unforgiveness develops continually they alone try the new, the unexpected."

"Bathgate especially has this ability to an unusual degree. . . ."

Most of these eyesores have descended by now, of course, although

continued on page 18



NEW FOR NOW—Bathgate, 1954-55 team captain, with teammates, including right-handed team doctor Frank Plante in director.

scored nearly 30 goals; then came, the team manager, at upper right, the Rangers' Red Bannan in second row, center.

know exactly where it's going, and I can get it off pretty fast."

Although he did not attend school after the 10th grade Bathgate received letters from two American universities which had hockey scholarships to offer. He was no lover of schoolwork, and he decided not to pursue them.

"I knew," he says, "that I wanted to be a professional hockey player."

Tryouts in the Rangers' camp at Winnipeg at 17 and 18 produced no commitments. When he was 17 Bathgate's mother decided to escape the cold of Minnesota and move to Guelph, Ontario, where Andy's brother Frank was playing amateur hockey. (Their father had died three years earlier, in 1946.)

Guelph had a Junior A team for the ablest 17- to 20-year-olds and a Junior B team for the discards. Bathgate was offered \$25 a week to play

sportswear with the knee that year he scored 43 goals in two 40 games he managed to play, and then averaged nearly a goal a game in one of the most arduous playoff schedules in sport—a 22-game quest for the junior hockey championship of Canada. Bathgate's Guelph team won it.

Meanwhile the Rangers, who had then and still have a working agreement with Guelph, were staggering along in the lower depths of the NHL.

"They brought some of us up," Bathgate recalls, "after losing the first five games of the 1952-53 season, I had no confidence in my leg; and I knew I wasn't ready. After 15 games they shipped me out to the Vancouver team. They called me up again the next season after I had already played 17 games for Vancouver. All my life I had been a goal scorer, but right then the Rangers wanted me to hang back and do a lot of checking for



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A gentle way with curries

Not everyone can enjoy the fiery Oriental curry dishes; here is a milder but still exotic recipe which is a true curry

FRENCH CHICKEN CURRY

Serves 10

- 2 broilers cut up as for frying, wingtips removed, thighs separated from drumsticks
- 4-6 tablespoons curry powder (depending on strength of powder)
- 2 medium onions, chopped fine
- 2 peeled, cored apples, chopped fine
- 2 ripe bananas, mashed and put through sieve
- 1½ cups heavy cream, heated
- 2 cups clear chicken broth (a slight additional amount may be needed)
- basmati
- lemons
- black currants
- dried/blanched almonds

Sauté chicken pieces in butter till light golden brown. Separately, in a large heavy pot, sauté onion and apple in butter till pale golden in color. Add curry powder; cook for five minutes.

Add chicken pieces, banana and 2 cups of broth. Simmer uncovered, turning frequently, for 30 to 40 minutes. Add more broth, if necessary, to keep chicken cooking in sauce.

Just before serving, add a squeeze of lemon juice, and salt to taste. Remove chicken pieces and place them on a heated platter. Whisk sauce from pot into heated cream; pour over chicken; then sprinkle with currants and almonds.

Serve with dry white rice and a dish of chutney.

WHEN I WAS sitting in our country kitchen, looking over the last of the breakfast tea that our distinguished guest, one of the greatest amateur chefs in the country, had brewed himself, I saw his glance roaming a nearby row of shelves stocked with dried herbs and spices in little jars. Anticipating his thought, I hastened to say, "I shall replace all these things soon; they're stale now after a long winter in the kitchen." And he nodded in approval of my recognition that spices, to be used properly, must be entirely fresh.

Among the jars on the shelf was a box of prepared curry powder. "Of course," said our guest, looking me full in the eye, "you make your own curry powder." "Of course, I don't," I answered. "Well," he continued, "you should, you know, if you care about curries"; and he wrote down his recipe, a fine spiky list of ingredients but quite formidable in length.

I am not sure I shall ever attempt it, although, surprisingly enough, the powder is not too difficult to make — not a patch on the two-day stint of preparing 22 side dishes for a Malay lamb curry dinner party. It turned out that I learned a lesson on that particular evening, for five of the guests were on bland diets.

The thing to remember, before attempting the fiery stew associated with the sizzling lovers of Anglo-Indian cookery, is to inquire if the guests are aficionados of such fare. Then, if the answer is negative, either the guests or the menu can be changed.

If the problem is to be avoided altogether, I have learned that almost everyone finds the gentler French way with curries acceptable. These are still true curries: the curry powder, whether homemade or not, cooks with the meat or with the vegetables, instead of being added later to a white sauce, as in those pallid gabaious offered to lanching ladies.

I got the recipe at left (see materials for this exotic dish are shown in the photograph on the facing page) from a French chef called Bernard who worked for us one summer whenever he had time between bicycle trips — he was, as he explained it to me, an ex-champion of the Tour de France. After one grueling excursion, he made a chocolate muffle with salt instead of sugar, but he never failed with his kari.

Photograph by Leslie Bell-Wolf
 Anecdotes from *La Cuisine*



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

All hail to the ladies!

PLAYING itself as usual, history last month crested out much the same script it used when the Spring National Contract Bridge Championships were played in Atlantic City early last year. This time the scene was the Fall Nationals, the place was Detroit and the cast of principal characters was changed. But, against a similar snowy background, a national meet was again dominated by the performance of a relatively unknown player—and once again this starring role fell to a woman.

She is Sylvia (Mrs. Harry) Stein, an attractive young Detroit wife and mother who has been playing serious bridge for less than six years. As recently as last August she would not even have been eligible to play for the big championship in which her victory capped her best-in-tourney performance in Detroit.

Mrs. Stein had gone to Miami last August for the Summer Nationals, snatching a brief bridge vacation from family duties because she was within a few master points of the 394 total which would qualify her as a Life Master, the highest tournament ranking of the American Contract Bridge

League. But no major successes awaited her in this summer tournament. In fact, on the day she was scheduled to leave for home, she still lacked a fraction of a point of reaching her goal. More or less in desperation, she entered an open one-session side game, partnered with a complete stranger. They mixed first place but did well enough to earn her Sylvia enough points to put her over the 394 mark. Her success with a strange partner may have been an omen.

In Detroit last month Sylvia's first appearance in the winners' circle was a modest one. She was a member of a team which tied for third place in the first national title to be decided—the Women's Team of Four event, won by Peggy Rotzall of Philadelphia, Carlyn Brall and Bea Gale of New York, and Sally Johnson of Westport, Conn. That was on the second day of the meet—the same Sunday night on which the Men's Team title was captured by a reunited group of sometime Clevelanders, including Elmer Schwartz and Arthur Goldsmith, who still live there, with Alvin Landy, now of New York, Jeff Glick, now of Miami, and Vic Zevo, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Stein, partnered with fellow Detroiters Louis J. Cohen, finished second in the Mixed Pair championship, won by Carol (Mrs. Sherwin) Ross of Detroit with Edwin J. Smith Jr. of suburban Grosse Pointe. This time her performance created a ripple of excitement because, earlier that same day, Sylvia had taken a 15½-match-point lead after three sessions of the blue-ribbon Life Masters' individual championship.

Just one session remained in that event, and on Thursday this vivacious blonde housewife, playing coolly and steadily, built her lead to a comfortable 32 points over runner-up John R. Crawford to become the sec-

ond woman in history to win the Life Masters' Individual. (In the 27 previous battles for this title, the only victory by a woman was won by Eleanor Murdoch of Birmingham in 1934.)

In that final session, this was one of the deals that helped her to victory.

North-South vulnerable		NORTH	
Dealer, East		♠ K 8 7 3 2	♠ A 4
		♥ J 10 6	♥ 2
		♦ 10 7 2	♦ A Q J 8 4 3
		♣ 10 4	♣ A K 3
		WEST	
		♠ Q J 3 5 4	♠ 10
		♥ 7 5 3	♥ A K Q 8 5 4
		♦ J	♦ K 9 5
		♣ A Q J 2	♣ K 7 2
		SOUTH	
		♠ 10	♠ 10
		♥ A K Q 8 5 4	♥ A K Q 8 5 4
		♦ K 9 5	♦ K 9 5
		♣ K 7 2	♣ K 7 2
		EAST	
(Mrs. Stein)		♠ 10	♠ 10
		♥ 10	♥ 10
		♦ 10	♦ 10
		♣ 10	♣ 10
		SOUTH	
		♠ 10	♠ 10
		♥ 10	♥ 10
		♦ 10	♦ 10
		♣ 10	♣ 10
		NORTH	
		♠ 10	♠ 10
		♥ 10	♥ 10
		♦ 10	♦ 10
		♣ 10	♣ 10

(Opening deals of diamond jack)

In an individual event, instead of playing through with a partner of your own selection, you change partners more often than in a square dance, beginning with a new one on every round. In a four-session game, this means 32 different partners; to win you must be a superb partner as well as a fine player. Generally, good partnership consists of getting together on bidding, but in this deal defensive play was decisive.

With the East hand, Mrs. Stein won the first trick with her ace of diamonds. Hoping that her partner could ruff the next diamond, she returned the 9—an unnecessarily high card—to tell partner that her re-entry was in the higher of the remaining side suits. Declarer let the lead run to dummy's 10, but West trumped and returned the queen of spades.



NEW CHAMPION Sylvia Stein was first woman in 24 years to win Life Masters.

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Trying to keep East from regaining the lead, declarer refused to cover with dummy's king. But, like the champion she was to prove herself, Sylvia overtook her partner's trick even though this established a high card in dummy. To warn partner against leading a club, she returned the diamond queen—again calling for a return of the higher suit. West trumped and led another spade.

South was able to get a discard of a club on dummy's king of spades, but it was a valueless stuff. Eventually, declarer had to give up two clubs, to go down two tricks for what is known as "the magic number" for the side that gets it, and "the kiss of death" for the side that loses it—200 points.

It happens that, barring a somewhat miraculous defense by South, East can make five diamonds, thanks to the favorable location of both the black kings. Nobody bid game on the East-West cards, but those who were allowed to play at diamonds wound up with a plus of 150 points—100 for tricks and 50 points for making a part score. Had Mrs. Stein failed to overtake her partner's queen of spades, she could not have given West the second ruff in diamonds and the contract would have been set only one, for a plus of only 100 points, and very close to a bottom score instead of what proved to be a near top.

Another well-bid hand ran into a bad break, but the new champ made it nevertheless. This was the deal:

East-West vulnerable	NORTH
Dealer, North	♠ 4 2
	♥ A J 8 6
	♦ A 2
	♣ A K Q 10 2
	WEST
	♠ K 10 9 7
	♥ —
	♦ K Q 10 9 2
	♣ J 9 8 7
	EAST
	♠ Q 9
	♥ Q 10 2
	♦ K 7 6 3 2
	♣ 5 4
	SOUTH
	♠ A J 5 5 3
	♥ K 8 7 3 2
	♦ 4
	♣ 3

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♥	PASS	3♥	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: diamond king

North's diamond ace won the first trick, but when dummy led a low trump, West showed out. Knowing

CONTINUED



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ALL HAIL TO THE LADIES *continued*

she had to drop a trump trick, declarer had to avoid losing a spade.

Boldly and promptly, she led her singleton club and finessed dummy's 10-spot. The finesse succeeded, the heart ace was cashed, and the clubs were run. When the jack of clubs dropped it did not matter that East trumped this trick. Declarer discarded a third spade, won the spade return with the ace and got to dummy with another heart to cash the good club and discard the last spade loser.

Later in the week, the tall, smiling champion brought her good-looking husband, Harry, and her 9-year-old boy, Ben, to breakfast. "The first time I played duplicate, I finished rock-bottom," she confessed. But she fell victim to the fascination of duplicate bridge and played so often and with such success that her husband helped her finance her ownership of the Empire Bridge Club, where she now runs duplicates two afternoons and one evening each week. So, though a newcomer to top bridge ranks, Sylvia Stein hardly rates as an amateur.

Women scored two other notable victories when Mrs. Dalton Howard, of Marion, Ind., won the third flight Masters' Individual, and when Mrs. David B. Bowen of Fort Worth won the Open Pair Championship with the first M.D. ever to win that title, Dr. John Fisher of Dallas.

Maxine Bauer in the individual competitions was partially retrieved when R. Norman Miller of Austin, Minn., rallied to win the Senior Masters' title. And male pride was further bolstered when the Masters' Team Championship was taken by five men, including two of the players who will represent the United States in the World Championship against Italy and Argentina next month: Ivar Stakgold of Washington, D.C. and Leonard Harmon of New York. Their teammates were Edgar Kaplan, Alfred Steinwald and Ralph Hirschberg, all of New York.

But when the week ended, a big share of the trophies had been captured by the ladies—noticeable among them, the Lou Herman trophy for the best all-round performance. Sylvia Stein took that one home to Harry and Ben, who hailed it as a symbol of victory and of the end of the nine long days when the Stein men didn't see much of their bridge champion.

END



Ski Tip

WALLY SCHAEFFLER
Ski coach, Denver University

QUESTION: Am I too old (57) to take up skiing? If not, what would you advise me to do about equipment and lessons?

ONE of the best things about skiing is that it can be taken up almost as easily at 40 or even 50 as at 10 or 20. In fact, a grown-up is likely to do better at first than a youngster. The grown-up is mature enough to make the most out of his ski lessons—provided he is in reasonably good shape.

Regular golf, tennis, swimming, basketball or hiking during the summer put you in trim for skiing. If you do not have the time for outdoor sport, then you should start out in late fall with regular home exercises for at least two weeks. The Bonnie Friedman exercises at *SENIORS ILLUSTRATED* or my own *people conditioning exercises* (SI, Nov. 25, 1957) will do the trick if they are done faithfully every day.

A word here about weight. The overweight skier is a short-winded skier, and you cannot learn to ski unless you can stand some continuous exertion. There are only two ways to overcome overweight: stop eating too much and start exercising.

The first time you skating, try it for a day or two, preferably at a well-developed ski resort. Rent all your equipment. When you know what you want it's time enough to buy.

Your first skis should be limber (not stiff) and three to six inches shorter than the standard length for experienced skiers. Normally a 130-pound 46-year-old male beginner should take a 6-foot 3-inch ski, and from there the lengths go upward to 6-foot 9-inch for a 185-pound beginner. Women beginners should subtract three inches from these lengths to get proper skis. In my opinion, you should rent metal skis. They handle more easily. And get skis with safety bindings. Otherwise you are taking an unnecessary risk. The ski shop will adjust the tension of safety bindings for you. Ask them to show you how it's

done. You should be able to do it on your own if need be. As for ski poles, they should reach to your armpit when the points are on the floor.

Be sure to start right out with a lesson. It's the only safe way to start skiing. Besides, your instructor will keep you from faults that may haunt you the rest of your skiing. Don't let well-meaning friends talk you into learning from them. The average good skier is a poor teacher, and you expose yourself to the temptation of skiing too fast just to keep up with your friends. My article on teaching beginners (SI, Dec. 15) gives an idea of the gentle start that a good instructor gives beginners.

After the first couple of weekends skiing, if you then want to take up the sport in earnest, then take a solid week or two of lessons. This will mean that you can spend your whole first winter as an intermediate rather than spending half of it as a beginner.

On buying equipment: the first and most important thing is boots. Try on several different brands in several shops. It's worth all the trouble you may take to get boots that fit without pinching.

To break your boots in: soak a pair of old wool socks in warm water, wring them out, put them on and lace the boots over them, making sure the socks have no wrinkles. Wear the boots indoors for two or three hours until the socks dry. The boots will then take the shape of your foot. Waterproof the inside of the boots to make sure they keep this shape.

Finally, buy at least one set of good warm-leg underwear, a thick wool sweater and a windproof parka (or, in colder areas, a quilted parka). Wear a turtle-neck T shirt or a silk scarf. Keeping your neck warm is important, and nothing makes learning more pleasant than staying comfortable while you ski.

END

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one peek

may be worth, as the old adage has it, two guesses. But better than either, when you want to win at cards, is

CHARLES GOREN

each week in

SINCE'S ILLUSTRATED



ON FIELD AND CAMPUS / Roy Terrell

Bowls may not be what they seem

TV still produces an occasional optical illusion. On New

Year's Day there were several

THE MIRACLE which is television appears destined never to cease, and on New Year's Day of 1959 its brilliant illusions finally overhauled. Anyone equipped only with a long arm with which to reach forth occasionally and twist a dial could emerge, after 4½ hours, as a self-admitted expert on right of the finest college football teams in the land. Without once in the preceding four months buying a ticket, talking to a coach or reading a newspaper or magazine, thousands of viewers were able by sunset last Thursday to state unequivocally that:

1) LSU, the nation's No. 1 team, was vastly overrated, and in the Sugar Bowl lucky on a blue blouse to beat Clemson 7-0. The Tigers from Baton Rouge had no passing attack and Billy Cannon couldn't outrun your little sister.

2) Syracuse had a miserable line. It couldn't throw and what was it doing in the Orange Bowl against Oklahoma in the first place?

3) TCU and the Air Force were both lousy.

4) Iowa is undoubtedly the best college team alive. If the Hawkeyes only had a passing attack to match that great line and those two wonderful halfbacks, Willie Fleming and Bob Jeter, they could be ranked among the finest of all time.

Now an expert is an expert, and who is to say that one penetrating burst from the cathode ray is not worth a season spent trudging up and down sidelines? Yet a football season is more than what happens on January 1, and in order to keep this one in its proper perspective perhaps a few reminders would not be amiss.

Take the Sugar Bowl. In Clemson, LSU met a team with a ponderous and onery and very good line. In such a situation the key man was not Cannon but Warren Rabb, LSU's fine-passing quarterback. It was imperative that he loosen up the Clemson defense that Cannon and Johnny Robinson, the other fleet halfback, could run. Yet on the third play of the game Rabb broke a bone in his pitching hand. After that, twice in the first quarter, Cannon was in the open for touchdown passes and Rabb overthrew him badly. This is not like Rabb at all, and how would you like

LONGEST RUN from scrimmage in Rose Bowl history (in the right direction) was 83-yard gallop through a demoralized California team by Iowa's Bob "The Jet" Jeter.



to throw a football with a broken hand? So by half time Rabb was out of the game to stay, and LSU had to slug it out on the ground against a much bigger line. As for Cannon, he still gained 51 yards in 13 carries, passed for the only touchdown, kicked the extra point, punted magnificently and also defended very well.

In the Orange Bowl, Syracuse was simply shocked badly in the first half by Oklahoma's speed and broke too late to catch up. It was not the Syracuse interior line which was at fault—Oklahoma did its damage with quick pitchouts around end and running fullback passes, but the linebackers and secondary. As for the Syracuse passing attack, the question is not why it didn't work but why it wasn't used. In Chick Zimmerman, former Ben Schwartzwalder had a passer who hit 40', during the season, yet he chose to run inside tackle most of the day. For this, there are almost certainly two reasons: 1. the Syracuse running game was going very well—although perhaps not quite fast enough to make up a three-touchdown deficit; and 2. Zimmerman had not acquired a 90', complete average with opposing tacklers hanging around his neck, as Oklahoma persisted in doing all day, nor with his receivers covered like a blanket by that same old demoralizing Oklahoma speed.

TCU and the Air Force are both good football teams, although it must be admitted that a scoreboard is not the most exciting way to prove the point. Even so, there can be little criticism of the way either team operated within the 20-yard lines. They moved the ball very well, Air Force in the first half on the passing of Rick Mayo, and TCU in the second half behind the thunderous running of Jack Spikes. Once past the 20, however, they didn't have time to make touchdowns. There were 13 fumbles in the game and both teams were far too busy retrieving loose footballs to score.

There are several considerations in assessing Iowa's first year against California at Pasadena. The Hawkeyes won in a rather convincing manner, true; it is a bit hard to be more convincing than 33-12. Yet it is quite possible that the competition was not the very best. Earlier in the season another Big Ten team, Michigan State, beat California 38-12—and Michigan State didn't win a Big Ten game all year. As for the marvelous

running of Fleming and Jeter, it might be noted that other Iowa backs named Horn and Jausch and Purlong and Norren and Gravel were having a successful day, too. With the holes the Iowa blockers were opening, they simply couldn't help themselves. And if the Iowa passing attack was non-worthy chiefly for its absence, let no one forget that Iowa would never have been in the Rose Bowl without the season-long marksmanship of Randy Duncan. There were a lot of Big Ten Saturdays when Iowa had so much superiority up front and Fleming and Jeter were just two little guys having a hard time getting started. When this happened, Duncan had the answer.

If the bowl games were a bit out of focus in presenting a picture of the season just past, however, they offered a peeping good preview of the one to come. Perhaps never have so many outstanding sophomores and juniors paraded across the screen on New Year's Day.

Prentice Gaunt, the big Oklahoma fullback, is a fine example. Except for the fact that he is the only Negro ever to play for the Sooners, Gaunt would have been just another number among Wilkinson's legions when the game started. When it was over, he was the Orange Bowl's outstanding player. Carrying 185 pounds with a sprinter's speed, Gaunt scored the first touchdowns on a 42-yard run, rushed for 141 yards in only six carries, blocked and defended like a demon.

There is also Jeter, of course, whose 81-yard run and 194-yard total set two Rose Bowl records, and Fleming, who at least as good. There are Mayo of the Air Force, and Harry White, the Clemson quarterback, and Cur Merg and Dan Norton, the two fine Iowa ends.

And then there is LSU, one of the great sophomore-junior teams of all time. Only three seniors are listed on the squad, and all the famous names—Cannon, Robinson, Rabb, Max Fager—will be back. But few people outside the Southwest realize that TCU is in virtually the same pleasant condition—and TCU meets LSU in the second game of the season. Jack Spikes, who slashed through the Air Force for 108 yards, and Don Floyd, the All-America tackle, are the prize names on the list.

Maybe New Year's Day wasn't an illusion after all. The armchair expert gained by moving some of the east for next fall.

END



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On and off the fairways

Last week's annual assemblage at Los Angeles, starting off the winter's professional golfing tour, would ordinarily have ended a virtual three-month tournament layoff for most of the professionals. But not this season. Last year marked the tour's earning of age as a relevant, year-long business is that the usually light autumn program was filled by six full-scale attractions. Also, in 1959 George S. May's two events were dropped by May, but 19 new 72-hole competitions were added. So the total prize money came to a record \$1,304,040. Even more money, including a possible \$40,000 affair in San Francisco come September, is the prospect for 1959.

As the statistics below emphasize, 1958 was the year of the Young Turks. In the 12 months just completed, Billy Casper, Arnold Palmer, Ken Venturi and Doug Finnerwald won 18 tournaments between them, collecting

over \$185,000 in combined winnings. Casper, 27, reaping \$45,000, was the year's leading money winner. Palmer, 28, won the Masters, in addition to almost \$45,000, while Venturi, 27, and PGA Champion Fimsterwald, 29, also earned well over \$40,000 in prize money. Of course, the oldtimers were not entirely muscled out of the picture. Julius Boren, at 38, had a fine competitive year, as did Art Wall, 35, and Sam Snead, turning 50

The rookies who made the strongest impression in 1958 are the four pictured here. Of this talented group, all in their middle thirties, Bob Goolbsy, Wes Ellis and Tommy Jacobs each won a circuit tourney, with only Tony Lema going wireless. All won around \$15,000 (over money



DON GARLITZ

[illegible]

THE YEAR'S FINAL LEADERS

	Project ID	Project Name	Start Date	End Date	Duration (Days)	Project Manager	Project Status	Project Budget (USD)	Project Actual Cost (USD)	Project Profit (USD)
Project A - Software Development	001	Web App Dev	2023-01-01	2023-03-15	74	John Doe	Completed	100,000	95,000	5,000
Project B - Hardware Integration	002	IoT Device Dev	2023-02-01	2023-04-10	70	Jane Smith	In Progress	120,000	110,000	10,000
Project C - Data Analytics Platform	003	Big Data Platform	2023-01-15	2023-05-01	107	Mike Johnson	On Hold	150,000	140,000	10,000
Project D - Mobile App Redesign	004	Mobile App UI/UX	2023-03-01	2023-06-01	92	Sarah Lee	Completed	80,000	78,000	2,000
Project E - Cloud Migration	005	Cloud Migration	2023-02-15	2023-07-15	151	David Kim	In Progress	200,000	190,000	10,000
Project F - AI Research Project	006	AI Research	2023-04-01	2023-09-01	153	Emily White	On Hold	180,000	170,000	10,000
Project G - IoT Sensor Network	007	IoT Sensor Network	2023-03-15	2023-08-15	153	Chris Brown	In Progress	110,000	105,000	5,000
Project H - Blockchain Pilot Program	008	Blockchain Pilot	2023-05-01	2023-10-01	153	Alex Green	On Hold	90,000	85,000	5,000
Project I - Smart City Initiative	009	Smart City Initiative	2023-06-01	2023-11-01	153	Mia Black	In Progress	130,000	125,000	5,000
Project J - Quantum Computing Research	010	Quantum Computing	2023-07-01	2024-01-01	184	Noah Grey	On Hold	160,000	150,000	10,000
Project K - AR/VR Development	011	AR/VR Development	2023-08-01	2024-02-01	184	Liam Silver	In Progress	140,000	135,000	5,000
Project L - Space Exploration Prep	012	Space Exploration	2023-09-01	2024-03-01	184	Olivia Bronze	On Hold	170,000	160,000	10,000
Project M - Nanotechnology Research	013	Nanotechnology	2023-10-01	2024-04-01	184	Ethan Gold	In Progress	150,000	145,000	5,000
Project N - Biotechnology Innovation	014	Biotechnology	2023-11-01	2024-05-01	184	Ava Platinum	On Hold	160,000	150,000	10,000
Project O - Fusion Energy Research	015	Fusion Energy	2023-12-01	2024-06-01	184	Lucas Diamond	In Progress	180,000	175,000	5,000
Project P - Quantum Entanglement Study	016	Quantum Entanglement	2024-01-01	2024-07-01	184	Sophia Ruby	On Hold	170,000	160,000	10,000
Project Q - Nanoscale Manufacturing	017	Nanoscale Manufacturing	2024-02-01	2024-08-01	184	Benjamin Sapphire	In Progress	160,000	155,000	5,000
Project R - Space Colonization Planning	018	Space Colonization	2024-03-01	2024-09-01	184	Charlotte Emerald	On Hold	190,000	180,000	10,000
Project S - Quantum Cryptography Development	019	Quantum Cryptography	2024-04-01	2024-10-01	184	Henry Amethyst	In Progress	170,000	165,000	5,000
Project T - Nanorobotics Research	020	Nanorobotics	2024-05-01	2024-11-01	184	Ivy Topaz	On Hold	180,000	170,000	10,000

For the school children, Winthrop, who was with them on the trip, had a special program for them. He had a special program for them. He had a special program for them.

[illegible]



JAY HERBERT, *Magyar Inn CC, Sanford, Fla.*

Tip from the Top

Opening the hips

IT IS DISASTROUS to have, as one does all too regularly, that this or that golfing friend has incurred back trouble. It seems to me that these back injuries are brought on when a golfer stays behind the ball too long on his swing and, consequently, hits his shots with the base of his back. As goes without saying, a golfer must stay behind the ball, but only to a moderate and natural degree. As he hits through the ball, his left side should be opening up—the hips should be rotating to the left en route to their open position at the finish. The shoulders don't open this early, but the hips do. Part and parcel of this action is releasing the right side. Granting that a great many players get their right side into the shot too soon and incorrectly, they have had such constant indoctrination in preventing this error that many golfers now are going to the opposite extreme and forgetting that the right side should be released as the stroke is made. You have to release it to swing comfortably and to swing well.

This opening of the hips—let me go on to add—helps an advanced player to bring the clubhead through the ball right square on the line to the target. I think every golfer has to learn first to swing the club from the inside out and has to learn how to cover the ball, but once an advanced player has gotten these essentials into his system, it's my belief he should really try to bring the clubhead through the ball right on the line.



The right side starts to release (A) and continues to release (B) as Jay Hebert hits through the ball.

NEXT WEEK: Fred Hawkins on head position on trap shots



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DAVIS CUP

continued from page 19

and gave him a five-minute pep talk. "Look at what they're doing to the old man," Krauser said. "They're making him look like a bum."

"It'll win for Mr. Jones," said Olmedo grimly. "They can't do this to my good friend."

With this incentive Olmedo took the court in his first match and shook Australian confidence by whipping Anderson 8-6, 2-6, 9-7, 8-6. This was Olmedo's first challenge round—he had never even seen a Davis Cup match until 30 days before in the interzone final at Perth—but he was the picture of relaxation. Loose and perfectly poised, he tilted from one side of the court to the other, pulling off phenomenal shots. He repeatedly made tricky drop shots or atop volleys, and he was never tentative on the volley.

It was a frustrating defeat for the first, nonetheless Queenslander. Anderson had two set points in the first set when he led 6-5 and 40-15 on the match's service. After winning the second set with the only two service breaks of Olmedo in the match, Anderson had five opportunities to take the third set in the 14th game. He had set point in the 12th game of the fourth set, but Olmedo, as in previous sets, fought his way out of the hole with deep, well-placed first service and pressure volleying.

When Olmedo dropped the second set so easily after taking the first, a

bold bliver went through the American camp. Olmedo has always been a player of promise, but his career has been hampered by a failure to bear down when given an advantage or, expressing it another way, embarrassed he lacked the "killer instinct." It was a thought that was permanently dispelled before the end of the three days.

With the U.S. one-up, MacKay was so keen as to take the court against Johnny Cooper that he seemed ready to jump out of his skin. Every time he hit a ramball service or sent a shot zooming across court he would leap high in the air and click his heels together. He swept through the first set 6-4. In the second he broke Cooper's service, but the first game ended moved to a 3-6 lead with a second break of Cooper's service. Then, with the score 10-6, MacKay was led an easy job at net. He smashed it, but Cooper lotted another. MacKay smashed again. Cooper again returned it high. MacKay smashed the third one into the net. Then he netted a volley on the next point to lose the game, and he never got into the battle after that as Cooper gained in confidence and effectiveness.

"If only MacKay had put one of those overheads away," said Krauser afterward. "He had Cooper reeling."

With the match score 1-1, the U.S. sent Olmedo and Richardson against Anderson and left-handed Neale Fraser in the doubles. This developed into the longest and one of the most exciting doubles matches in Davis

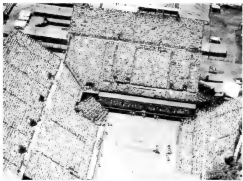
Cup competition. It took a total of 82 games and four hours to decide the issue. Each team had set point in the 75-minute opening set before the Australians finally won by breaking Olmedo in the 22nd game. The Americans led 8-7 with advantage, but Richardson double-faulted at set point. The Australians also took the second set 6-3 for a two-set lead. It looked bad. But the Americans halted their way through the marathon third set to win it 16-14 and remain alive.

STRATEGY FOILS FRASER

The Yankee came out after the intermission with a tandem trick which had been suggested by Pancho Gonzales, the world's greatest active tennis player. Pancho noticed that Fraser had played superbly during the first three sets and was killing the Americans with his backhand return of service *accident* over. It was a deadly shot. So, starting the fourth set, the Americans employed the tandem against Fraser, who played the backhand court. When Richardson served to Fraser, Olmedo, instead of taking the normal net position on the right-hand side, parked himself in the left on the same side as the server. This meant that Richardson had to advance to the opposite net position. The same strategy was used when Olmedo served. The maneuver so cut down the effectiveness of Fraser's backhand return of service that he scored only one winner off it in the last two sets. In fact, the Australians got only two points on the Americans' service in the fourth set. Still, the match finished on a tense, cliff-hanger note with the Americans finally winning by cracking the wildly Anderson serve in the 11th game of the fifth set. Two drive volleys by Richardson put the U.S. in position, and then Olmedo made a miracle shot. Fraser hit a blinding smash at Alex's feet, but Alex loosened his racket and lobbed the ball neatly to the back court for a winner which left the crowd gasping. Then Olmedo held his own service for victory of 10-12, 3-6, 16-14, 6-3, 7-5.

Even leading two matches to one after the second day, the Americans were considered no better than an even chance to regain the cup. Cooper, whose rated the best amateur in the world, figured to take Olmedo, and there was a tussle in the battle between MacKay and Anderson. But Olmedo reached into the clouds for

CENTER COURT AT MILTON CLUB IS PACKED AS 16,000 FANS OBSERVE THE ACTION



the tennis performance of his life to win 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 8-6. Cooper's powerful service, his chief weapon, failed him, but there was no assurance he would have won had he been at his best. With beautiful racket action, coordination and anticipation the agile Olmedo at times toyed with the Australian, as a matador might with a charging, angry bull. Cooper made two fighting langes, neither successful. Down 5-1 in the third set, he won three games in a row but finally lost the set 6-4. In the fourth set Olmedo had a 4-3 lead and 40-love on his own service when Cooper came back with a series of powerful forehand crosscourt shots to break Alex's delivery and knot the set. But two passing shots by Olmedo broke Cooper in the 13th game, and the Peruvian put all his might into his service in the final game for victory.

"We did it, Cap. We won," he yelled happily as he went to the dressing room. His cheeks wet with tears. "By golly, we did," said the happy Captain Jones.

As the Americans neared victory, the normally unpartisan Australian galleries began to feel edge and to yell for the home talent. This resulted in some burlesque incidents. Inept line calling contributed to the confusion and involved demonstrations from the excited galleries. In the tense third set of the doubles, with the score 9-10 against the Americans, Richardson served and then missed a volley return. He complained that the linesman had signaled out on the serve but had not called it aloud. The umpire upheld the linesman, saying the ball had been in play. Richardson rushed to the umpire's stand to protest. Cliff Sproule, the tournament referee, walked onto the court to question the linesman, who admitted he had put out his hand involuntarily. The referee ordered the ball played as a let. The fans bawled in the Cooper-Olmedo match as much that the players protested, and twice the umpire made an announcement to the fans to refrain from making sounds when the ball was in play. In the first game of the third set a fan yelled "You beauty!" as a service by Cooper which would have made the score 16-40. Olmedo protested, and Umpire George Valentine ordered the ball played as a let. But Referee Sproule walked on the court and overruled the umpire. Olmedo won the next point anyhow and achieved the service break. Another time in the second set, when Ol-



VICTORY WRAP-UP GIVEN BY OLMEDO AFTER CLIMBING DAVID CUP FOR US.

medo suffered a bad spill, he went to the sidelines to get a towel with which to rub off the dirt. Sproule intercepted him and said, "Play must be continuous." Olmedo also won this tag of war and completed stealing off before resuming.

Olmedo credited both Kramer and Gonzales for tips which helped him in his victory over Cooper. He said Kramer advised him that when Cooper missed his first service-it would be a good idea to jump around a lot before the second service in order to disconcert the Australian. Cooper served 11 double faults. Gonzales told Olmedo that Cooper was slow on the court and that he should move the Wimbledon champion around; also that Cooper closed in too tight on the net and was vulnerable to lobs. Alex praised Gonzales' help, saying to the gallery at the cup presentation, "Gonzales helped me most—he is what you call the most tactic guy in the world."

Olmedo became a hero on three continents. Congratulations from Peru piled up at his hotel door. He had messages from Peruvian President Manuel Prado and the governor of his home town of Arequipa. A wife

from Movie Star Kirk Douglas said, "Now you are more than a chif. You are a superchif." At the end of the cup presentation ceremony the crowd yelled, "We want Alex. Give us Alex. Speech, Alex."

Officials were forced to let Alex and other players talk briefly, and the fans gave Olmedo an ovation of several minutes.

Captain Jones proved to be an intriguing character. In his perennial bow tie and dark glasses he made an unusual figure at courtside. He delighted galleries with his unbridled enthusiasm and defiance of tradition. When Americans hit a good shot he would stand up and applaud vigorously. Once, in Perth, he fell over backward in his chair and lay sprawled for several moments like a turtle unable to get back on its feet. The crowd guffawed.

Olmedo tells a Jones anecdote stemming from his match with Anderson. When Alex changed courts he looked around for the captains, and Jones was not in his seat. Then Alex saw Jones at his elbow, eyes wide with excitement. "I told Captain not to worry, I would win. He was nervous, I had to give him confidence." **END**



SOVIET RUSSIAN ICE HOCKEY PLAYERS AND COACHES CELEBRATE AFTER THE METHODIST VICTORY IN MINNEAPOLIS

RED ICEMEN

By Paul J. Hirsch, Jr.

Brand of game now in favor here, started out as if to show the fans had been so much waste of time. Bob Dupala of Allston, Mass., scored the first goal of the game after a face-off on Soviet ice. But the smooth Russians were not to be outdone. They racked up three consecutive goals, one of them by Sologubov, and, unlike the Nationals, who cheer each of their goals with college-boy enthusiasm, the Russians were completely unemotional. "When the Russians make these plays and score, there is no cheering or anything," says Robert Barry of Newton, Mass., one of the two U.S. referees assigned to the Soviet tour. "Damn it, that's what's supposed to happen. Why should they cheer?"

Before the first period was over, the Nationals cut the score to 3-2, but Vyngamin Aleksandrov, the brilliant young Soviet center, came back to make it 4-2. In the second period, the heavier Nationals again took to throwing their weight around, and they moved into a surprising 6-4 lead. It appeared they were about to score their first victory over one of the Soviet team, but a penalty left them short-handed, and the Russians then came through with the final goal of the game for a 8-5 tie. Both teams took off for Minneapolis the next day. The Americans made it without trouble, but the Russians had to change planes in Detroit because of engine trouble. While in the air, Sologubov and a few others played Preference, a

rather involved-looking card game which apparently demands all their attention. In fact, all the Soviet players appear to be quite absorbed no matter what they're doing. One of them, deep in a book, was startled when he looked out and saw the engine feathering. He instantly pulled out a map, looked at it the wrong way and decided that he would die crashing into Boston. Referee Barry righted the map and assured him that it wasn't Boston but Lake Erie.

In Minneapolis, the tired-out Russians made it as quietly as they could for bed. While they were tucking themselves in, Mark Hyman, the Nationals coach, was perfecting his strategy for Saturday's game. "The best way for us to beat them is to hit them," he said frankly. "We discovered that in the second period in New York, and it almost won the game for us. Until then we were in danger of being routed. Nothing at all resembling dirty hockey is being planned, but we will simply check harder. They're a precise team. They play chess with you. They'll use set plays and passes, or even come in here taking a shot. If we can disrupt that and skate like we all did Thursday, we'll be all right."

On Saturday, before a crowd of 3,746 in Williams Arena on the University of Minnesota campus, it looked for a brief moment, a very brief moment, as if the Nationals were about to clean up. The game had scarcely begun when Jim Westby, a Minneapolis boy, whacked a chest-high line drive into the Soviet goal from just inside the Soviet blue line. Nikolai

Parkhov, the Soviet goalie, all but whistled in disbelief, and the crowd burst into a cry of wild joy. But there was little to cheer about after that. The first period ended 3-1 in Soviet favor; in the second the Russians, passing superbly, scored four more goals to the Nationals' one. Sologubov and his teammates took a bouncing around in the process, mainly because they don't know how to use their behinds to ward off assault, but this didn't throw them off their previous game. The final score was 8-3.

Saturday night the Russians and the Nationals tossed 200 freezing miles north to Hibbing in the Iron Range. Sologubov, smoking a Russian filter cigarette, played Preference during the 4½-hour ride. When he awoke Sunday morning he felt right at home. First, the temperature had sunk to 45 below zero, making Hibbing the coldest spot in the U.S. that day. (By game time it had warmed up to 16 below.) Then Moscow called on the phone, sending the desk clerk at the Hotel Andover into a flutter. What it did to the Russians could not be learned, but the rest of the folks in town were got excited.

ICE TEARS TO 100

Before the game began in the Hibbing Memorial Building, Sologubov was presented with a miner's hard hat, and he drew a laugh from the crowd when he donned it and slanted over to the Soviet bench. The Russians scored late in the first period to take a 1-0 lead but they would have scored earlier had it not been for several superb saves by goalie Don Cooper of Wrentham, Mass. Early in the second period, Weldon Olson rammed one past the goalie, but the Russians cut it at 1 all, but Sologubov put in a 14-footer to make it 2-1 before the period ended.

The third period turned into a rout. Within the first few minutes the Russians scored two goals. Igor Dekonskii took a pass from Sologubov for one and Aleksandrov came right back with the other. Before the game was over, the Russians got three more goals, two of them by Sologubov, to make the final score 7-1.

Nikola and his teammates left the ice proud and happy. Bill Riley of Medford, Mass., the other American referee, was generous in his praise of the Russians. "They're very conscientious of the advance they've made. They've done in 10 years what Canada did in 100."

END



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Meanwhile—back at the lodge—
mellower highballs are mixed with Seven-Up!

Next time you swallow a highball and secretly wish it could taste smoother—make yourself a promise. Promise to make your next highball with 7-Up!

Seven-Up has a talent for making highballs that are delicious! Mellower, we'll wager, than any others you've ever had. Yet 7-Up is modest. It never steals the spotlight from the good whiskey flavor you like—and pay for.

Watch someone enjoying a "... and 7-Up." Notice his look of satisfaction? Try a 7-Up highball—you'll see why.

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!



SPORTING LOOK / Jo Abern Zill

Designing queen

Polly Hornburg has so successfully crystallized an idyllic way of life in her designs that now she is known far beyond her native Bermuda

Photographs by Tina Fritzel



AT HOME AT STANNICK: Designer Polly Hornburg in housewifery shirt of glittered tulle (to order, \$45), poufier shirt (\$38.98).



THE smiling woman photographed above is the unquestioned queen of fashion in the Caribbean area. She is Polly Hornburg, a native Bermudian who, with her Minnesota-born husband, John, has in eight years created a business which furnishes fashions for the half dozen Calypso shops owned by the Hornburgs in Bermuda and Jamaica and hundreds of stores in the U.S. as well.

Typical Hornburg play clothes are made of exotic fabrics: African Gold Coast cotton prints, Indian madras, Sarsene and Indian silks. She made the full-length housewifery shirt of brightly printed cotton the approved way of dress for southern resort evenings and now is responsible for women's evening pants, which are now being worn at Caribbean nightclubs such as Montego Bay's La Ronda.

Most recently, Polly, a snorkeler herself, has made quite a splash with her skin-divers' suits—long-handled swimwear, which are equally attractive wet or dry and are warm enough for the chilly depths.

The Hornburg fashions on these pages are at the Calypso shops in Bermuda and Jamaica and at J. P. Allen, G. Fox, Jenny Co., Neiman-Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue in the U.S.

AT HOME AFTER 5, anywhere in the Caribbean: Coral Sayer's silk plaid dinner pants (\$40) with a matching blouse (\$40); Ann Staden's multi-colored madras jumper, which has glider outlining the plaid (\$32); and foil-laid skirt (\$27).



AT HOME IN OR OUT of the water: skin-diversuit of elasticized cotton knit (\$30), worn by Henrietta Tiaris, an avid skin-diver who vacations at her father's house in Bermuda and Jamaica. She is photographed with the Mangrove of Tivoli, who is currently in his freshman year at Harvard.



AT HOME ON A BEACH—Carol in pearl-colored pants (\$19) and a white jumper (\$11), worn with a Noel Coward banana-palm hat (\$4); and Bernadette Zell ("Allegro-bikini") in order. Fishermen Tony Trost and Horace Almeida handle the fishing net.

ANDY BATHGATE

continued from page 25

part of the jury is still out, waiting until Bathgate has excelled over an impressive span of years.

One of the minor tragedies of the New York fans is that Bathgate is not at his absolute best on the small rink in Madison Square Garden. On the larger rinks on the road he has more freedom to do what comes naturally, and he takes advantage of it; he scored 14 of his 21 first-half-season goals in games out of town.

Nevertheless, Bathgate has shown the Garden crowd many audacious moves. In a game with the Chicago Black Hawks last year the puck squirted out over the blue line from the offensive zone in which the Rangers were putting together an attack. Bathgate chased it, got his stick on it and, facing away from the goal, considered for a split second how to dispose of the defenseman closing in from the rear to his right. He then flicked the puck behind him on a diagonal line from right to left, catching the defenseman flatfooted, whirled around to his left and picked up the puck again, skated in on the goal and, fending the goalie out of position, scored.

"Before my knees went bad," he says deprecatingly, "I could keep the puck all day."

Although strongly built at 6 feet and 177 pounds, Bathgate has a recurrent lateral subluxation of the patella. The phrase means slipping kneecap; when this occurs there is great pain and the knee cannot be bent. Both of Bathgate's knees are so afflicted, not from the rigors of hockey but from his individual pattern of growth, although rough action tends to aggravate the condition.

Dr. Kazuo Yanagisawa, the team physician, operated in 1952 to correct the trouble in the left knee (which kicked up so painfully at Guelph). He cut out a piece of bone from the tibial tubercle—the knobby part of the tibia just below the knee—and grafted it, with the tendons to the knee still attached, back onto the tibia at a point to one side. The surgery involved attaching a small steel plate to the bone below the kneecap, and Bathgate consequently can forecast changes in the weather from the twinges he feels in that area. He wears a brace for the other knee whenever he uses his feet. In Dr. Yanagisawa's opinion the knees will not prevent

Bathgate from playing out a career of normal length.

In a game that is sometimes violent and injurious, Bathgate has so far escaped serious damage, partly because he plays cleanly and thus does not invite the inevitable revenge taken for spearing, elbowing and the like, partly because he has not yet been subjected to the kind of chase and frequently dirty checking that so often provokes Maurice Richard and, finally, because his highly developed instinctive sense often warns him of potentially harmful situations. The few noticeable scars on his face are from stick cuts. The hollow-cheeked



BANGOR WINS: Maurice Bathgate, left, Marilyn Horrell—see game 2, Garden.

look he has on the ice is due to the fact that he has no upper teeth and leaves his plate in the locker room. He lost two teeth at 9 in a fall on a West Killdonan rink, two others some years later and finally had the rest removed when faulty bridgework began to spoil adjacent teeth. An agonizing skate out last year which slipped to the bone of the instep caused him to miss five games. All in all, however, he has been relatively lucky.

UNRECOGNIZED AND REGRETTED

The adulation given Bathgate in New York rarely follows him out of Madison Square Garden.

"I'm very seldom recognized on the streets," he says. "It's different in Toronto and Montreal, but then hockey is the big sport there; people

have so many other things to do in New York. Everybody's in a big hurry; everybody's going somewhere."

The rewards of stardom so far have not been overpowering. During the season Bathgate lives unobtrusively with his pretty and busy-as-wile, Marie, a Vancouver girl, in a modest apartment on the outskirts of the borough of Queens. He is only now beginning to capitalize a bit on the commercial possibilities of fame, outside the \$15,000 he draws from the Rangers. He has a Cadillac, but it is a 1933 model.

There are many dedicated followers of hockey in New York, despite its non-Canadian setting, and Bathgate has won the appreciative affection of one of the most devoted fans, the America's Cup yachtsman Cornelius Shields, who first met him at a practice session of the Rangers.

"We got to talking golf," Shields reflected not long ago. "I said I was an ardent golfer but no good, and I asked him if he would like to play a round with me now and then at Winged Foot (a course of championship caliber in Westchester County).

"Well, Andy is a magnificent golfer. If you want to see the equal of Sam Snead as far as grace is concerned, you will see it in Andy—unusual grace, great poise, wonderful rhythm. I recall that one day he had a 35 for nine holes, and with a few bad holes on the card at that. His shots are almost always on the target, just as they are in hockey.

"What a thrill it is to see his line in action—Dean Prentice charging in across the goal mouth to take that pass from Andy! Larry Popen, the center man, setting up his wings! Andy shooting. I've said to Andy, 'I'm no authority, but I feel that you are too generous in your passing. You should shoot more often.'

"But how like the man! As a person I think he is much to be admired. I like humility in anyone. The persuader is that he wants to be good; he is burning to improve. He has the ambition to be successful, and he loves hockey."

Bathgate, then, has the quality which sports-minded people call class. A towering figure in hockey already, he can anticipate a future stature of rare dimensions, yet he is a hero without a pedestal; modesty is in his bones.

"I've got a lot to learn," he says, "before I can call myself a really good hockey player."

END

CLASSIC HUNT OF IRELAND

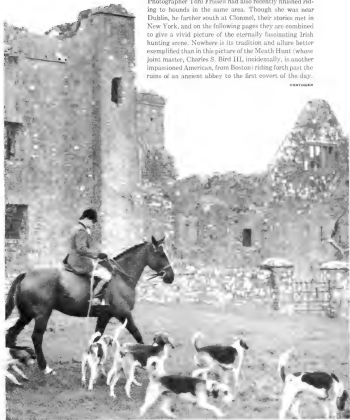
**Hard riding, legendary country and
plenty of foxes still make the
Emerald Isle a fox hunter's paradise**

Photographs by Toni Frissell



To Tano Neville, an advertising man and part-time farmer of Chester County, Pa., fox hunting has been a ruling passion for more than a quarter century, and when he saw a chance last winter to indulge in his favorite sport in Ireland, he seized it. By a happy coincidence, Photographer Toni Frissell had also recently finished riding to hounds in the same area. Though she was near Dublin, he further south at Clonmel, their stories met in New York, and on the following pages they are combined to give a vivid picture of the eternally fascinating Irish hunting scene. Nowhere is its tradition and allure better exemplified than in this picture of the Meath Hunt (whose joint master, Charles S. Bird III, incidentally, is another impassioned American, from Boston) riding forth past the ruins of an ancient abbey to the first covert of the day.

CONTINUED



'IT WAS FUN ALL THE WAY'

by TANO NEVILLE

While Photographs Two through seven in pictures the course of a day's ride with the North Hunt, Tano Neville describes his encounters with the Topography, Weather and other Irish Hunt phenomena.

THREE THINGS stand out in my memories of our fox-hunting trip to Ireland: the ruggedness of the hunting there, the mad pace of the activity and the boundless excitement of it. I have never known rougher riding. Brambles, thorns, branches tearing at our clothes, crazy changes in elevation with the huns alternately taking straight off like an ICBM or nose-diving off a bank and landing with a back-splintering thud.

Never a letup, something doing every minute, losses galore and one run after another. And all this on a higher level of excitement than anything we do—the riders, old or young, male or female, charging impossible places, pushing their way through impenetrable thickets, taking desperate odds on a certain fall to keep up with the hounds. It was fun to be with them; it was fun all the way.

Of the four of us who took the trip, two were over 50, the other two over 60. In alphabetical order, there is first Ted Baldwin, dairy farmer, ex-professional ballplayer and one of the best men with a horse in America; then Jack Baerman, gentleman farmer and sportsman; next, Albert Newitt, industrialist, company director and civic leader; and, finally,

myself. All of us ride with the Brandywine and Mr. Stewart's Chesire Hounds in Chester County, Pa.

We stayed at Oaklands, near Chiselm, a lovely place run as a guest house by the Misses Cleave, its owners. Vera Cleave supervised the house with consummate artistry, saw to it that we ate royally, slept comfortably and had clean, dry clothes to wear every morning. This last was a common feat. Ireland was wet and muddy, and we came in every evening covered with mud from head to foot, and usually soaked through with rich Irish mud as well.

Edith Cleave supervised our hunting. She decided which packs we should go out with each day, and it was she who procured horses for us—one horse for each man (or 12

AS THE NORTH HUNT PREPARES TO RIDE, MRS. DON LEONARD, ON BRIDGE FARM NEAR DUBLIN THE HOUNDS MET, SERVES PRESENT



successive days. Considering that there were hardly any liveries left in that part of Ireland and that in consequence she usually had to hire from private owners, the arrival of four horses at each meet was a daily miracle. But we got good horses.

For our first day's hunting Edith Cleese sent us out with the Tipperary hounds. A lawn meet—a meet at which we were invited into the house and offered a drink. Our host was Irish and his charming wife from, of all places, Oklahoma.

There were about 10 riders and probably as many on foot. Neddon met Brown Robin, a horse from which no hazard of bank or ditch could part him. Hausman met Seal, a grand old horse who took care of several of us during our stay, was never down, rarely made a mistake and stayed sound throughout a series of tough days which injured at one time or another almost every other horse we had. Baldwin met his "little horse"—I don't know whether he even had a name—and earned him wonderfully this day but went less well on subsequent days, either because he tired

or because his basic goodness eventually showed through. I had Ned-dina, an enormous gray with large "gray-horse tumors" behind his ears. Despite his size, Neddina could jump like a cat, but he was too big and fat to gallop for long.

The first cover was drawn blank, a race happening, but the meet held a few, and our Irish fox hunting began. A minute or two on a hard road, then onto a dirt road, then up a driveway and out into the fields—little, three-to-five-acre Irish fields, 80% of them grass and all of them running water. The fields had an inch or two of slop, but underneath that there was hard ground. So the horses were sliding around but not sinking, in enough to exhaust themselves—actually, it was grand galloping country. And it was that way every day—we squashed our way across Ireland, every step, a noise I will always remember.

My first obstacle was a small post and rail, such as we get in Chester County. My gray latched over it with great enthusiasm, and that was the last American jump we had during our stay. We had a few of what the Irish call "timber" fences—planks placed across ruts in banks with a ball of brambles thrown under them—but first and foremost, during the rest of our stay, we "jumped" banks or stone walls.

I use the quotation marks advisedly: you don't jump banks as we understand jumping in America. You scramble to the top and jump down. And there are two main kinds of banks: those with a broad top on which a horse can pause or even walk around, and the razorbacks which come to a peak and have no top to stand on at all.

Negotiating banks is made even more complicated by the fact that there are always ditches, dry or wet, on one or both sides of every bank. The horse, therefore, usually has to jump over a ditch first. Banks ranged in height from four to 10 feet; ditches ranged in width from three to around eight feet, and the combination was impressive.

It was amazing how clever those big horses were. Most of the ones we rode could jump 50 of these hairy razorbacks during the course of a day with hardly a stumble. Yet there often wasn't a reasonable place for their feet. After five or 10 horses had jumped, however, a sort of foothold

continued



DOWN THE LAKE the field from nearby behind Pauline Farrell, a regular hunt ride.



HOUNDS ARE HELD up, Mrs. Charles S. Eidl on the lawn before Leonard horse.

QUICK CHANGE is made by Mr. Eidl as he swaps leaders for hounds on tailgate of car.



SHACK TO FIRST with David Currie



would appear near the top of the bank, like a snap out into the lee by a mountain climber.

And what is the rider doing while the horse is going through his contractions! He's as busy as a paper-hanger with one arm and an itch.

1) He hangs on grimly with arms and legs while the horse shoots out from under him up the bank. 2) He tries to see where he's going. 3) He ducks around the inevitable, hairy, thorny corruption on the top of the bank. 4) He gets ready for the horse to shoot out from under him again when he kicks off from the bank. 5) He does his best to land looking like an old English hunting point—lying back, feet out front. This posture is very un-American because we land with body forward. But, believe me, in Tipperary you land with a crash into the stirrups, your body more or less in a straight line with your legs, the whole unit tilted back or you roll right off over the horse's head.

We had three good runs on three separate foxes that day. It was gallop and scramble, scramble and gallop all the way. Little grass fields alternated with hairy ranobacks. There were many gaps and gates in the corners of the fields, so we didn't jump all the time. But we jumped enough. And boy! did the horses fall! We counted 10 falls this first day, and there must have been several that we didn't see. Yet we rarely saw anybody hurt or even shaken up. Soft ground, slow falls, mostly caused by the horse making a mistep while coming off a bank—it was remarkable how seldom it amounted to more than a muddy spot on the back of one's coat. Jack Bauman's horse, for instance, came down backward off a bank and sat on Jack's leg. On frozen ground in America a fall like that would have been disastrous. In Ireland, Jack's leg was merely pushed into the mud. No harm done except that his breeches were soaked and Jack sat in a pool of water for the rest of the day.

There are many more differences between Chester County and County Tipperary. The attitude of the hunt staff, for instance. In Ireland they see their job as one of providing sport for the field. They fear, it seems to me, that the field will get bored or impatient unless there's something

doing every minute, so they leave the meet at a fast trot and hurry over to the first covert. If the hounds draw blank they are lifted quickly and roared quickly to the next covert. At a check the huntman waits a minimum of time for hounds to make their own cast. Then he casts them himself at a trot or even at a canter.

When a hound first speaks on a line and goes away on it, it galvanizes the whipper-in into almost hysterical activity. He's onto the rest of the pack like lightning, hustling them out of covert and putting them on. It's hurry, hurry, hurry every second. If these had been large fields continually crowding the hounds, I could have understood this driven attitude on the part of the hunt staff. But they were not. We had as few as 20 in the field and never more than 50.

And the traffic jams! In Chester County everybody gets very polite in front of a jump. We wait our turn. In fact, we are likely to let a woman go ahead as though we were going into dinner in a private home. But not in Ireland. None of that "after you, Alphonse" courtesy there. It's each for himself and devil take the hindmost. You charge in, pushing the weaker members, such as women and children, aside, and hustle over to the next fence. At first we were courteous, but we got to be just as ruthless as the rest of them. If we hung back for a split second, six people would slip in ahead of us and we found ourselves badly left. It's the English convention, I think. Fox hunting is a steepchase. One tries to beat the other fellow instead of waiting for him.

The worst hazard was the youngsters. It was vacation time and there were swarms of them out with us. They would slip in front of us, cut us off and in general behave as though we didn't exist. We were scared of hurting them. Some of those big elephants of ours would have annihilated their ponies if there had been the slightest mistep at an unlucky moment.

Holes, or "earthies," in Ireland are invariably in the banks. There are no holes of any kind in the fields. No ground hogs—and all the rabbits have been killed by myxomatosis. We got out of the habit of watching where we were going. We let the horse gallop as he liked and kept our eyes off the ground and on everything going on around us. Almost all our runs ended at a hole. If it wasn't too

far from a hard road, Mickey, the whipper-in, would be sent galloping off to get the terrier. Off he would go lickety-split, standing up in his stirrups—that boy never sat down all day and he had only one gait, a full gallop—to reappear shortly, still galloping, with a bushy-coated little terrier under one arm, its head bobbing in time with the horse's gait. The terrier would be dropped on the ground and without a moment's hesitation would disappear into the hole. Shortly after, a continuous high-pitched yapping would convey to the onlookers that the terrier had found its prey and was marking it for us. A few judicious games with a shovel, an iron stake or two thrust into the ground to steer him toward an exit and the fox would decide it was time to make a break for it. Out he would come, and off we would go, hell-for-leather and determined that this time he would not elude us. But he always did. We never killed a fox that once went under, even when we bolted him two or three times. If they were foxes that wanted to go to earth, they did it again and again. We killed some foxes, not many, considering that we hunted as many as five on some days and never fewer than two, but they were always foxes that stayed above ground.

It is worth mentioning that hounds do not draw (try to pick up a fox's scent) across country in Ireland. They are taken to a covert—which may be a small thicket of scrubby trees or a patch of gorse or even some man's ornamental shrubbery at his entrance gates—and let'd in. Is encouraged to go in and find him! If the fox is not at home, hounds are picked up (called out of covert and made to pack up behind the huntman's horse) and taken at a fast trot to the next covert. This may be a few hundred yards away or two or three miles. The interesting country is totally ignored—to the extent that between coverts some of the women would dismount, give their horses to a groom and drive to the next covert by car!

There is usually a field master, and while drawing coverts we followed him or her quite faithfully. But when hounds run, it's a free-for-all. I rarely took my own line because I didn't know the country at all and knew so little about banks that I liked to give someone else the privilege of peering to me that any particular spot was jumpable. On the few



ACROSS THE DITCH OF HOUNDS AND RIDERS IN SWIFT PURSUIT OF A FOX, THIS IS TYPICAL PACE OF ROGUE IRISH TERRAIN

conscious that I did take my own line. I was always lucky and did myself a lot of good. I avoided the rearward traffic jams and would find myself out front in that heady atmosphere where the hunt staff reigned. I also treated myself to a few thrills. Once I climbed to the top of an uneven-looking bank about six feet high only to find that the other side was perpendicular, at least 10 feet high, and had a yawning eight-foot ditch at its base. The horse seemed willing, so down we went with a jarring crash and somehow survived. After that particular landing a wonderful old Englishman came up to me and said, "Jolly good show, old boy." Little did he know—or perhaps he did—about the swarm of butterflies flapping around in my stomach.

THUS it went, day after day, for two solid weeks, except on Sundays. We hunted with the Tipperary hounds, the Kilkenny, United, Daffodil and Limerick packs. On the fifth day we hunted with the Scurteen or Black and Tans, and on this day fate finally caught up with Albert

Needlet, who so far had survived every ditch and bank in County Tipperary. When it came, Albert's fall made history.

The Scurteen have been owned and bred by the Ryan family for 200 years or so. They stem from the St. Hubert hounds of France and during their long history have hunted hare and stag, as well as fox. Theobaldus "Jolly" Ryan, the present master, is a relentless hunterman with a wonderful touch on the horn and also happens to be an extraordinarily handsome man. An Apollo type in more ways than one, he could charm his hounds with his music alone doing anything. It was a real privilege to go out with him.

We met at a small village with two or three pubs and the lovely Irish name of Cahoonash. Pat Hogan, a local horseman of considerable fame for his feats on horseback, was master and lent a touch of wildness to the day with his noisy enthusiasm and his unhesitating foolhardiness in charging at "impossible" places. I was on Black Velvet, the best horse I rode in Ireland. Albert was on a

horse he had ridden before and liked.

We found in the first covert and bled after a hot 10 minutes. Two hounds had been seen leaving the covert, so we promptly went back and picked up the line of the other one. After a very fast 15 minutes, during which Black Velvet and I negotiated some razor-backed hanks with unerring skill, we killed. The fox actually reached an earth and went in, but he didn't go far enough. One of the hounds went in after him, pulled him out and the rest of the pack made short work of him.

We roamed a little way over to a swamp, got a fox out in full view of the field, and then we really started to run and jump. Pat Hogan set the style by going straight across country no matter what loomed up in front of him. My Black Velvet was a great horse to follow him with. I found myself jumping things without breaking stride, a thing I usually reserve for post and rail in America, not for those ghastly obstacles we had in Ireland. We came to a watering trough. To my amazement,

continued

Pat Hogan cleared it, so Black Velvet did, too. We had "doubles" in this part of the country, banks with wide ditches on each side.

After a series of these awkward doubles, we came to a "single" with a lot of growth on top. Albert went ahead, his horse bobbed and Albert finished up on the horse's ears with most of his body over on the "off" side. Ted and I did not fail to make a couple of wisecracks, but Albert managed to struggle back into the saddle.

Then came two or three more

jumpes, all tough, and then two ditches with a narrow strip of ground between. Ted went over it, I went next, and Albert followed me. After clearing it, I fortunately decided I really ought to look back. I did so, just in time to see a horse heave itself up out of the water and start climbing slowly out of the second ditch. When I first looked there was nothing, absolutely nothing to see. After the horse emerged there was again nothing, nothing at all for about 20 seconds, although, of course, it felt like 20 minutes. Then, finally, what looked like a piece of the muddy bank detached itself from the rest of

the scenery. It might have been anything, a log, a seal or a man.

It turned out to be a man, slowly straggling out of the mud in the second ditch, the same ditch the horse had come from. He staggered out, water cascading off him, and started squealing his way over to me. Only then did I recognize him. It was Albert, in the worst mess I ever expect to see, but unhurt. His horse had evidently put in a bad one and slipped into the second ditch instead of clearing it. Both horse and rider had completely submerged. As the luck of the fall had it, Albert had gone in on his back, stretched out horizontally. All of him had gone under and all of him was covered with mud. His blue master's cap, face, white stock and black coat were all the same color, mud color, a rich brown. Albert was giggling from nervous shock—and I don't blame him.

I caught his horse, dismounted, knotted the reins, which had broken, steered the horse into a low place so that Albert could reach the stirrup in spite of his soaked and clinging breeches, and we started to look for a road. We jumped one more ditch, found a road and hadn't gone more than a few hundred yards when that human bloodhound, our driver, Tom Taylor, appeared. Albert dismounted, got Tom to pull off his boots, emptied a quart of rich Irish mud out of each, took off most of his outer clothing, wrapped himself in several coats and told Tom to take him back to Oakland. He drove 56 miles home, dashed into the house and peeled the rest of his clothes off, took a hot bath, dressed in somewhat drier clothes, drove the whole long 56 miles back to Caherswedish and came charging into the pub, where we were talking over the day's excitement, to find out exactly what he had missed! You can't keep a good man down. Not for long anyway.

Four days later, on a Friday night after our last hunt, we caught a plane at Shannon and flew back to America. We arrived in New York early Saturday morning, hopped a plane for Philadelphia, were whisked out to the country and went fox hunting with our usual American packs by 11 o'clock. It was, I admit, a gesture more out of bravado than pleasure—we were really tired—but it was worth it just to be able to say to our friends, in an offhand way: "Now yesterday, when I was out with the Linxerick in Ireland. . . ." **END**



HOMeward BOUND at hunt's end, fold-plaid hares to the riders, whose men will foregather at the local pub. Riders were out for four hours, drove two hares.



POST-HUNT CHEER is quaffed by rider Garing Wilkes at Monahan's pub in Marsh.



QUEST OF THE MEATH, Christopher, Lady Asquith, lighted out at the pub.

'Skiing Is a Feeling'

So says the author, who began skiing lessons after he lost his sight

by PETER PUTNAM

ONE early spring afternoon in 1942, a young ski instructor named Norm Richardson led the way down a winding path for my first attempt to ride a rope tow. I labored after him clumsily. A snowy hummock rose in front of me, and my skin balked.

As I bumbled along the path the roar of the tow engine grew louder, and by the time we reached the open level beside the tow, Richardson was shouting his instructions. To his commands, I walked forward, stopped, looped both pole straps over my left wrist and sidestepped cautiously to the right.

"All right," Richardson called ahead of me. "Now?"

I gripped the rope. It spun through

my soaking mittens. Then I remembered to pull up with my right hand and press down with my left to gain traction. The rope caught, held and almost jerked me to the snow. I jammed my right ski hard against the groove worn by the other skiers and a moment later felt myself sailing up the hill with the sound of the tow engine retreating behind me.

"Off!" Richardson called at the end. I let go, stabbing at the snow with my poles to catch my balance.

"Well," Richardson asked, "how did you like it? It beats the old herringbone, doesn't it?"

It certainly did. I was blind and had never been on skis before my blindness. It was my fiancée, Darinda, who had persuaded me to try it. We were still in college, and I was so dazzled by her that I would have tried anything she had suggested, but there was more to it than that. In my first year of blindness, I was beginning to discover a surprising number of physical activities that demanded little or no use of the eyes.

In ball games, of course, you had to keep your eye on the ball, but skiing was not a ball game. And a large part, even of ball games, is in feeling, rather than seeing. When a golf or tennis pro demonstrates a stroke the pupil watches with his eyes, but the real meaning of the visual experience lies in his kinesthetic—that is, the muscular—response to it. His grip, his stance, his stroke and the accompanying shift of his weight are all a matter of feeling. A skier needs his eyes for orientation, but it is his ears or, more precisely, his semicircular canals, the sensory pivot of balance, that enable him to stand at all.

Darinda had instinctively recognized the nonvisual elements of skiing. Her first eager question after my experimental run down a gentle slope was, "Did you feel it, Pete? Did you feel it?"

It was a feeling I have never forgotten. I had waited at the top of the hill, braced against my poles in a self-conscious and wooden crouch, until she gave the command to shove



"We're starting down, ok?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Nothing ahead, behind me. Kids, 'scuse.' Brakes free. The good word."

"What word?"

"There's snow on the lower part of the slope. Children, no company! I say about a wonderful old-fashioned moment in contact with snow, snow! No snow—no snow! They'll be on the way."

"No the snow! No snow!"

"Snow is good in the snow, good snow."

"What of snow? No snow. No snow. No snow."

"Oh, but Well, my little to the snow."



Pete Beer is writing, based on a cherished Old-World tradition. There's been tradition, no tradition, to the distinctive in beverages and this signature beer tradition—being a revealing discovery. Huggins discovered it? Your chance to light up your dark, dark, dark, and the world is



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Author Putnam with his German-shepherd, Minnie, after day on the slopes.

continued

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SKIING

off. I heard the hiss of my skis on the snow and felt the gentle pull of gravity drawing me forward, slowly at first and then faster, with a rising wind in my face. The gradual acceleration seemed almost magical, for I had scarcely any sensation of steepness. It was not like flying, because the gravitational magnet held my skis firmly to the snow, but through their gentle bobbing rhythm I had an exhilarating sense of intimacy with its undulating surface. It was the smoothest, easiest, most graceful form of locomotion I had ever known.

"Fall!" Durinda called, and because it was my only way of stopping, I slid to one thigh like a baseball player, until the steel edges of my skis caught and swung me around with a jerk and a clatter.

It had been a short, straight, and entirely uneventful run, but it had given me my first taste for skiing, and an appetite for more. On our next ski trip, I arranged for lessons with Norm Richardson in the snowglove and snowglove turn. My introduction to the snowglove was extremely awkward. I felt less like a crab than a kunoichi-kneeled champion lowering himself by two poles into an armchair in which he suspects the presence of a long, sharp tack.

Skiing in this posture had none of the pleasant undulating quality of my first run. The braking edges caught scratchily on the snow. My knees wobbled stiffly. My poles got in the way of my skis, and there seemed nothing to do with my hands.

But I learned, and as soon as I did I began the turn. Using the V of the snowglove, I had only to shift my weight onto my right ski in order to go to the left. It was delightfully simple.

I had begun to think this a rather tame exercise, when Richardson decided to put me to the acid test by taking me up the rope tow for the descent of the full hill. He explained that he would ski behind me, shouting lefts or rights as needed, and added a warning that I must make my first left promptly or I would run into a ski class across the hill. I gripped my poles firmly, took a deep breath and shaved off. My preternatural sensations were of noise and steepness—noise, because the steel edges of my skis scraped like two strong, and steepness because even in my braking

crouch I could feel myself sliding—ping to the left as I crossed the hill.

At Richardson's cry of left, I saw a convulsive hook over my right ski and felt a sudden rush of speed as I turned into the fall line. I stiffened my jockey crouch stubbornly. As I came around into the traverse, I heard another pair of skis whistle across my path and pass beyond. In the middle of my next turn, the hill sloped away sharply and a moment later I was reeling crazily backward and forward on my skis in a series of knee-trembling shocks against the billowing contours of the hill. My knees, thighs, hips and feet arched with tension, but I was beginning to enjoy this new kind of skiing. Steering over an uncharted course was far more alive than the merely mechanical alternating lefts and rights on the lower slopes. I reached the foot of the hill in a triumphantly upright position. Without the use of eyes or, at least, of my own eyes, I had managed to ski the length of a thousand-foot slope without stopping, falling or colliding with any of the dozens of other skiers. It helped to strengthen my growing suspicion that skiing was a sport of touch, rather than sight.

Two years later the essentially tactile nature of skiing came fully home to me. This time my teacher was Fred Iselin, the best of the ski school at Snow Valley in Manchester, Vermont. Iselin's instructions compelled me to feel them. "Knees soft," he would say, and they would tingle with the sensation of being two flexible shock absorbers against the



SETTING OUT, author is guided by wife Durinda, a kunoichi-kneeled champion.



AUTUMN, RISING FROM SNOW, STOPPED GOLF BY FALLING DURING EARLIEST LESSONS

unknown surface of the snow. "Eh-ho-ho round!" inspired the feel of the circular steadying swing of poles, arms and shoulders in the throat of the turn. "Stay always in the middle of your skin, like a spider," seemed to distill as a tangible essence the very perfection of equilibrium and control.

My emphatic response to such phrases soon brought me beyond the snowplore to the more advanced stem turn and stem Christy. These posed a new problem. In the pedestrian control of the snowplore, I could respond quite promptly to contemporaneous directions. I needed more time to set myself for the faster turns. Helen suggested that, instead of waiting for his commands, I simply count to three, then stem, around, down, skin together, and again, one, two, three.

The counting allowed me to collect my weight, prepare my turns and make them in an established rhythm of my own. It offered me a new sense of independence without which the faster turns would have been nearly impossible. We tried it again and again. Fifty, sixty, perhaps a hundred times. I ran the slope of the Strophichase. Some runs were better than others. But at last came the day and the moment I had been waiting for—a sudden flash of intuition that illuminated three years of skiing. Snow conditions were ideal—new powder on a firm base—as I started across the hill with Durinda behind me.

One, two, three, I counted, feeling the gathering speed of my skin in the traverse. A fluid but controlled momentum seemed to carry me of itself over, around, and down on the outside ski, easing its inner edge into the

yielding snow. I slowed at the bottom of the turn, realizing with a thrill that I had only to deepen my crouch to come to a full stop. Instead, I moved forward on my skin to feel the instantaneous response of their gathering speed. I was crossing the hill with knees soft, eh-ho-ho round, and in the middle of my skin, like a spider.

It was breathtaking. I had entered a mysterious new world without sight, without sound even, so softly did my skin run over the new powder. It was a world of pure consciousness—the recombination of shape, mass and motion, the shape and mass of the undulating hill, the magnetic pull of gravity that sought to draw the mass of my body around into the fall line. There was a gentle rising and falling rhythm in the braking hesitancy of the stem, the sweep of the downhill rush, the retarding pressure of the finishing turn and the forward surge of the traverse. Behind me was Durinda. For seven turns and less than 40 seconds, we were linked together in a strange and rhythmic dance. Then suddenly we were running out straight over the leveling surface of the hill.

The dance was over, but for one proud moment I had felt as pure sensation the blending of all the fractions—poles, hands, arms, shoulders, hips, knees, ankles, skin, the snow and even the hill itself—into a whole that was greater than the sum of its parts. It seemed as fine a moment as sport could hold. At last I could really answer Durinda's question: "Did you feel it, Pete? Did you feel it?" Skiing was a feeling, and I knew that I had felt it.

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PETE RENNE, 16, OF THE STRONG GLEN ARBOR, MICH. SKI TEAM

New Faces of 1959

In the ever-changing world of junior skiers there is nothing quite so risky as trying to predict who are likely to be the great stars of the future. But from the bright young faces on this page these signs well come one national champion. Some others will win regional laurels, and all, barring serious accident, should win important junior races during the season campaign. They come from all over the northern Midwest, which is making up for its lack of natural terrain with the best organized junior ski competition in the country. Most of the juniors, who range in age from 15 to 17, are products of avid ski families and of well-coached high school teams. A few of them have had the added advantage of growing up under the looming shadow of a rare ski mountain. All of them ski for the fun of it, and they win because they are some of the best young skiers the U.S. has produced.



CHAD WILLIAMS, 16, Cullfax, Mich., is considered top junior prospect in state.



MARY ANNE FERRIS, 17, Houghton, Mich., has fourth place junior national credentials.



RICHARD J. JUREK, 16, Grand Marais, Mich., took seventh in C.T.S.S.A. Class II combined.



THOMAS M. SMITH, 17, Duluth, Minn., won third place in national Nordic combined.



STUART OSTERANDER, 17, Winona, Wis., dominated last year's C.T.S.S.A. downhill.



JAMES ZACKS, 17, Iron Mountain, Mich., was second in C.T.S.S.A. slalom combined.

19TH HOLE The readers take over

BASEBALL: THE PUBLIC INTEREST

Sir:

The originality displayed in Gerald Holland's *Commentary: Fols Nagler's Plan to Save Baseball* (SI, Dec. 22) is overwhelming. It shows everything from a peasant's piece of glee to a hilarious note of sophistication. Some of the vocabulary has a strongly familiar ring, and I dare say the satire is bound to take its toll.

Holland's is a climactic story in a long-played-up saga depicting the leadership of baseball as something other than that which is to be considered desirable in the public interest.

My impression as a professional baseball fan is that the majority of the owners are sincere, sympathetic and greatly concerned over the future of the game. In fact, they are as completely human as the average Joe Fan.

JOHN E. PERAZZ

Chairman, Detroit Baseball Co.
Detroit

Sir:

I read Gerald Holland's account of Fols Nagler's Plan to Save Baseball, and I'm still laughing.

Congratulations on a grand piece of satire. It would be even funnier if it were not so true.

THOMAS R. MCCORMAN

Glen Burnie, Md.

Sir:

My thanks for one of the funniest baseball articles I've ever read. I laughed out loud at every other paragraph. If baseball's big businessmen are really getting desperate, they might seriously consider Fols Nagler's plan. Anything is worth a try.

EDITH GRABENBERG

New York City

SILVER ANNIVERSARY: EXPERT JUDGMENT

Sir:

The Silver Anniversary All-American issue is the best I have read. I wanted you to know that men of sports will so judge it.

EARL B. BLANK

Columb, USA

West Point, N.Y.

BOXING: TOUJOURS

Sir:

I think the article by Martin Kane, . . . *Et Toujours* is *Champion* (SI, Dec. 22) is the greatest sports story I've ever read—it's just fabulous!

C. C. MONTAGNY

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SENIORITIES NUMBER

Sir:

The *How Was Would't* (SI, Dec. 22) is dangerously seductive. It also is the

brightest, most delightful and thoughtful piece of journalism I have seen in a long, long time.

ART GRACE

Missoula

GOLF: THE BILLION-YARD FILL

Sir:

In my view, no writer can quite equal Herbert Warren Wind in his description of the many facets of the ancient and honorable game of golf. His article (*New Course* in *Paradise*, SI, Dec. 22) describing Laurence Rockefeller's fabulous Bermuda Beach golf course, built on 1,300 lush acres in Puerto Rico, is no exception.

Mr. Wind's retelling of the magnitude of the problems involved in constructing the course—a glenfold of African Bermuda stalks, sprouting and transplanting 4,000 coconut palms, and insignificant details in comparison to the volume of fill involved "to reconstruct the depressed swampy areas around the lagoon."

Gentlemen, as a mining engineer who has dug his share of divots in various parts of the world, I must tell you that a hollow yard of fill represents one of the great earth-moving jobs of this or any other century. If casually distributed over Mr. Rockefeller's entire 1,300 acres, the alleged amount of fill would have reconstructed that section of Puerto Rico to a height of 515 feet above sea level. If applied solely to the swampy lagoon, possibly 300 acres in extent, it would have become a 2,000-foot peak and a convenient landmark for local navigation.

In the same issue I note that Mr. Wind also wrote a *Fourth Horse* for *Money* Carley. On matters related to the filling of swampy lagoons in Puerto Rico it is possible that Mr. Wind was carried away by a last hurrah.

FORBES WILSON

New York City

● Hurray for Reader Wilson. The figure should have been \$80,000 yards.—ED.

SKATING: THE JOYOUS ART

Sir:

I have been trying to find a how-to book on figure skating, and now *ILLUSTRATED* has come to my rescue (*The Joyous Art of Figure Skating*, SI, Dec. 22 & Jan. 2).

GASTON DE SEVERIN

Johnstown, Pa.

Sir:

Having enjoyed reading some enlightening articles on skating, I wonder if you could answer a few pertinent questions: Should the ordinary garden-variety middle-aged male skater choose a figure blade or a hockey-slate blade?

Do lightweight skaters benefit more from

top support to the ankles than low hockey skating boots?

ERIC GORDON, M.D.

New York City

● Don't be a shrinking violet. Try the figure skates and you'll find the higher boot gives more support and that once you get the hang of it figure skating offers infinitely more fun and companionship than hockey skating.—ED.

Sir:

Marcel Vinson's position on page 47 (SI, Dec. 22), executing the stop maneuver (lower right-hand corner), should be re-presented and emphasized to the vast number of skiers who are learning or converting to the *Wieder* technique. Here you have presented a simple maneuver which is analogous to the new skiing technique, namely, performance of a downhill turn by applying the heel-swinging and reverse-shoulder motion.

Those of us who have skated and are now turning to the ski slopes will recognize Marcel Vinson's position as the single most important issue in mastering this delightful, widely accepted ski turn.

GEORGE L. THOMAS, M.D.

Seattle

● Reader Thomas will also recall this position as demonstrated by Willy Schaeffer in *Strong Posture and "Models"* (SI, Dec. 23, 1957; see page 98, fig. 5). The stop maneuver in skating is similar to the parallel short-stroke turn in the heel push and the reverse movement of the outside shoulder, but in shortening the inside hip and inside shoulder are thrust further forward.—ED.

SPORTS: WEALTH, GRACE AND BEAUTY

Sir:

Lovely, glamorous, feminine champagne sports *ILLUSTRATED* has the right approach to women's athletics in this country. *Championette: Fols Nagler*, SI, Dec. 22). It is surprising how many mothers will not let their daughters participate in competitive sports because of the old idea that they will develop into unsightly women. Milton Greene's pictures have captured the representatives of these hard-training young athletes as they really appear. Healthy, graceful, lovely to look at, and certainly feminine.

As a swimming coach who has been closely associated with hundreds of girl swimmers from all over the nation over the past ten years, it has been my observation that not only are the majority of the girls as lovely to look at as those pictured but they also conduct themselves as well-behaved, charming young ladies.

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PHIL HAYES,
President, American
Billiards Council, Asst.
Houston

MANY LONG YEARS AGO

Sir:

The song Herbert Warren Wind referred to in his splendid article in *The New Yorker* with the name Richard Carlson, 81, Dec. 22, the title of which he could not remember, is *At Pico with the World in the Evening* with You and, if my memory serves me correctly, Irving Berlin wrote it.

CARLOS LEONARD
Petaluma, Calif.

● Reader Leonard has a long memory. Irving Berlin wrote *At Pico with the World in the Evening*, the year he married Nina Moray. —ED.

BRIDGE: HOLIDAY EXPERTS

Sir:

As usual, I took immense enjoyment from the struggles with *Good Times and Quits* (81, Dec. 22). I wish that you would include a Thanksgiving Day quiz, a Fourth of July quiz and so many others we hope might follow.

Being an English immigrant, I am particularly sensitive to Mr. Goren's fra-phrasing, which I consider to represent the best educated and intelligent assimilation since H. L. Mencken.

DAVID MCCALL
Cliffhanger, N. Y.

Sir:

I have put my personal yardstick upon the offerings of the abominably arrogant Mr. Goren, as displayed in your special holiday number.

And I know that you will be glad to hear that Mr. Goren will fall within the "expert" category, although, I was surprised to discover, by an odd two number margin.

ROBERT H. JAMESON

Miami

Sir:

The Dec. 22 issue was so good, great, but no better than any other that you have put out this past year.

First, I took Mr. Goren's quiz and was delighted to see 3-5. I have impressed this year. I do not wish to divulge my score, but I have made considerable progress. The other papers of interest were very good, as they were interesting. The final puzzle was Mr. Woodson, which was something about a woman named Mrs. Woodson. The puzzle was solved by you people and the Silver All-American, which is a great deal of the puzzle. The puzzle was solved by you people and the Silver All-American, which is a great deal of the puzzle. The puzzle was solved by you people and the Silver All-American, which is a great deal of the puzzle.

My Christmas was indeed a merrier one with your efforts.

LARRY RICHY
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.



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John G. Bonner



WILLIAM WILSON

'Golf is a humbling game'

The little fellow with the floppy hat and the cut-down driver is a sandal on the putting green of the Pinehurst, N.C. golf club. Next to him stands Willie Wilson, who 75 years ago, when he was about the boy's age, jumped the fence that guarded the ninth green near his father's house in Melrose, Scotland and became a golfer. After 107 seasons, Wilson's estimate of the game has not changed since that afternoon in 1883: "It's a humbling game."

Willie Wilson's golfing life spans the present with the all-but-historically dim past. He became a professional in 1889 and three years later came to this country on the advice of

the great Harry Vardon. That year of 1902 Wilson became the pro at the York Golf and Tennis Club in York, Maine, and, incredibly enough, he still is today. Wilson spends the winters in Pinehurst, N.C. and estimates that he has given over 100,000 lessons. He exhibited the fundamentals of the game to the Russian and Japanese delegates at Teddy Roosevelt's 1905 peace conference in Portsmouth, N.H. He has warm memories of thousands of pupils. There was this fellow, Mr. Clemens, for instance. He had a terrible time; he was always standing much too close to the ball after hitting it. Good writer, though, under the name of Mark Twain.

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